

EMBLEMS,

Divine and Moral;

Together with

HIEROGLYPHICKS

OF THE

Life of Man.

Written by FRANCIS QUARLES.

Hæc laus, hic apex sapientia est, ea viventem appetere, qua morienti forent appendenda.

In the SAVOY. Printed by Eliz. Nutt, and sold by
T. Horn, J. Knapton, R. Knaplock, J. Wyat, T. Parnam
and J. Osborn, D. Midwinter, R. Robinson, W. Taylor,
J. Bowyer, R. Gossling, H. Clements, W. Mears, W. Ijays,
J. Browne, and W. Churchill. 1718.

~~Marked with~~
A. Joseph Paglini

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In the 2nd Edition Printed by W. M. and sold by
J. Horn, J. Knapp, R. Knapp, J. Knapp, J. Knapp,
and J. Osborn, D. Knapp, R. Knapp, W. Knapp,
J. Knapp, R. Knapp, H. Knapp, W. Knapp, R. Knapp,
J. Knapp, and W. Knapp. 1718.

To my much honoured, and no less truly
beloved Friend,

Edward Benlowes Esq;

My dear Friend,

YOU have put the Theorbo into
my hand, and I have played: You
gave the Musician the first encour-
agement; the Musick returneth
to you for Patronage. Had it been a light
Air, no doubt but it had taken the most,
and among them the worst; but being a grave
Strain, my hopes are, that it will please
the best, and among them you. Toyish Aires
please trivial Ears; they kiss the fancy, and
betray it. They cry, Hail, first; and after,
Crucifie: Let Dors delight to immerd
themselves in dung, whilst Eagles scorn so
poor a game as Flies. Sir, you have Art
and Candour; let the one judge, let the other
excuse.

Your most affectionate Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

TO THE
READER.

AN *Embleme* is but a silent Parable: Let not the tender eye check, to see the allusion to our blessed Saviour figured in these Types. In Holy Scripture he is sometimes called a Sower; sometimes a Fisher; sometimes a Physician: And why not presented so, as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*. And indeed what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblems* of his glory? I have no more to say, I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in writing. Farewel READER.

By

BT Fathers back'd, by Holy Writ led on:
 Thou shew'st a way to Heav'n by Helicon:
 The Muses Font is consecrate by thee,
 And Poesie baptiz'd Divinity:
 Blest soul, that here embark'st: thou sail'st apace,
 'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by wit or grace,
 Each Muse so plies her oar: But O the sail
 Is fill'd from Heav'n with a diviner gale:
 When Poets prove Divines, why should not I
 Approve in Verse this divine Poetry?

Let this suffice to licence thee the press:
 I must no more; nor could the truth say less.

Sic approbavit

RIC. LOVE, Procan. Cant.

Tot Flores QUARLES, quot Paradisus habet.
 Lectori bene male-volo.

Qui legit ex Horto hinc Flores, qui carpit, uterque
 Jure potest *VIOLAS* dicere, jure *Rosas*:
 Non è Parnasso *VIOLAM*, festivè *ROSETO*
 Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ sit amœna, *ROSAM*:
 Quot *Versus VIOLAS* legis; & quem verba locutum
 Credis, verba dedit: Nam dedit ille *ROSAS*
 Urque ego non dicam hæc *VIOLAS* suavissima; Tute
 Ipse facis *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, si *violæ*,
 Nam velut è *VIOLIS* sibi fugit *Aranea* virus:
 Vertis at in succos *Hasque ROSASque* tuos.
 Quas *violas Musas*, *VIOLAS* puto, quasque recusas
 Dente tuo *rosas*, has, reor, esse *ROSAS*,
 Sic *rosas*, facis esse *ROSAS*, dum, *Zenite*, rodis:
 Sic facies has *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, dum *violæ*.

Brens Hall,

1634.

EDW. BENLOWES.

A. 4.



Dum Caelum aspicio Solum de spicio.

EDW. BULLOWES

THE FIRST BOOK.

The INVOCATION.

Rowze thee, my soul; and drain thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: screw up the heighten'd
Of thy sublime Theorbo four notes high'r, (pegs
And high'r yet, that so the shrill-mouth'd quire
Of swift-wing'd seraphims may come and join,
And make thy consort more than half divine.
Invoke no muse; let heav'n be thine *Apollo*;
And let his sacred influences hallow
Thy high-bred strains. Let his full beams inspire
Thy ravish'd brains with more heroick fire:
Snatch thee a quill from the spread eagle's wing,
And, like the morning lark, mount up and sing:
Cast off these dangling plummetts, that so clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; let flesh and blood forbear
To stop thy flight, till this base world appear
A thin blue landskip: let thy pinions soar
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more
Than pismires crawling on this mole-hill earth,
Thine ear untroubled with their frantick mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb
Thy new-concluded peace; let reason curb
Thy hot-mouth'd passion; and let heav'n's fire season
The fresh conceits of thy corrected reason.
Disdain to warm thee at lust's smoaky fires,
Scorn, scorn to feed on thy old bloat desires:
Come, come my soul, hoise up thy higher sails,
The wind blows fair; shall we still creep like snails,

That

That glide their ways with their own native slimes;
 No, we must fly like eagles, and our rhymes
 Must mount to heav'n, and reach th' Olympick ear;
 Our heav'n-blown fire must seek no other sphere.

Thou great *Theantropos*, that giv'st and ground'st
 Thy gifts in dust, and from our dunghil crown'st
 Reflecting honour, taking by retail
 What thou hast giv'n in gross, from laps'd, frail,
 And sinful man: that drink'st full draughts, wherein
 Thy childrens leprous fingers, scurf'd with sin,
 Have paddled; cleanse, O cleanse my crafty soul
 From secret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
 My thoughts: O teach me stoutly to deny
 My self, that I may be no longer I:
 Enrich my fancy, clarify my thoughts,
 Refine my dross; O wink at human faults;
 And through the slender conduit of my quill
 Convey thy current, whose clear streams may fill
 The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praise:
 Crown me with glory, take who list the bays.





I.



Totus mundus in maligno (maliligno) positus est

I.

JAM. I. 14.

*Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away
by his own lust and enticed.*

Serpent. Eve.

Serp. **N**ot eat? not taste? not touch? not cast an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? and why?
Why eat'st thou not what heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or can'st thou think that bad which heav'n call'd good?
Why was it made if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Blessings unus'd, pervert into a waste
As well as surfeits; woman, do but taste;
See how the laden boughs make silent suit
To be enjoy'd; look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way: observe but how they crouch
To kiss thy hand; coy woman, do but touch:
Mark what a pure vermilion blush has dy'd
Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame they hide
Their pallid heads to see themselves stand by
Neglected: woman, do but cast an eye.
What bounteous heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not;
Come, pull and eat: y' abuse the thing ye use not.

Eve. Wisest of beasts, our great creator did
Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid;
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
As pleasing to the taste; to th' eye as fair:
But touching this his strict commands are such,
'Tis death to taste, no less then death to touch.

Serp. Fish; death's a fable: did not heav'n inspire
Your equal elements with living fire,

Blown from the spring of life? Is not that breath
 Immortal? come; ye are as free from death
 As he that made you. Can the flames expire
 Which he has kindled? can ye quench his fire?
 Did not the great creator's voice proclaim
 Whate'er he made, from the blue spangled frame
 To the poor leaf that trembles, very good?
 Blest he not both the feeder and the food?
 Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
 From such blest food, to such half-gods as you?
 Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit
 Abuse your freedom; woman take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true; we are immortal; death is yet
 Unborn, and till rebellion make it death,
 Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
 Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.
 The lips that open to this fruit's a portal
 To let in death and make immortal mortal.

Serp. You cannot die; come woman, taste, and fear not:

Eve. Shall *Eve* transgress? I dare not, O I dare not,

Serp. Afraid? why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous arm!
 Harm only falls on such as fear a harm.
 Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree:
 'Twill make you perfect Gods as well as he.
 Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never
 Fear death: do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good
 To do as to desire. Fruit's made for food:
 I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my *Adam* too
 To know the secrets of this dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matth.

He forced him not: he touched him not: only said, cast thy self down; that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the Devil casteth himself down: for the devil may suggest, compell he cannot.

S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the devil's part to suggest: ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the angels, and glory to God, who opposeth us, that we may contend, and assist us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. I.

*Unlucky parliament! wherein at last,
Both houses are agreed, and firmly past
An act of death confirm'd by higher pow'rs;
O had it had but such success as ours!*

II.



P. Hobbs sculpit

8

Sic malum cecit vnicium in omne malum

II.

JAM. I. 15.

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

Lament, lament; look, look, what thou hast done:
 Lament the world's, lament thine own estate:
 Look, look, by doing how thou art undone;
 Lament thy fall, lament thy change of state:
 Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,
 See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late,
 O thou that wert so many men, nay, all
 Abridg'd in one, how has thy desp'rate fall
 Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thy self withal?

Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made
 Equal to angels that excel in pow'r,
 What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd
 Thine own destruction? like a new-cropt flow'r,
 How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
 How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!
 How art thou cow'd that hast the pow'r to quell
 The spite of new fall'n angels, baffle hell,
 And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell.

3

See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant womb
 Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)

Is now degenerated, and become
 A base adult'ress, whose false births do fill
 The earth with monsters, monsters that do roam
 And rage about, and make a trade to kill :
 Now glutt'ny paunches; lust begins to spawn ;
 Wrath takes revenge, and avarice a pawn ;
 Pale envy pines, pride swells, and sloth begins to yawn.

4

The Air that whisper'd, now begins to roar ;
 And blust'ring *Boreas* blows the boiling Tide ;
 The white-mouth'd water now usurps the shore,
 And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide ;
 The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
 And rules her ruler with resistless pride :
 Fire, water, earth, and air, that first were made
 To be subdu'd, see how they now invade ; (obey'd)
 They rule whom once they serv'd, command where once

5

Behold ; that nakedness, that late bewray'd
 Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder ;
 Behold ; those trees whose various fruits were made
 For food, now turn'd a shade to shrowd thee under ;
 Behold ; that voice (which thou hast disobey'd)
 That late was musick, now affrights like thunder :
 Poor man ! are not thy joints grown faint with sha-
 To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking, (king
 That in one hour did'st marr what heav'n six days was
 (making).

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de lib. arbit:

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedom, which man could not use, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; & that he who would not do righteously, when he had the power, should lose the power to do it, when he had the will.

HUGO de anima.

They are justly punished that abuse lawful things, but they are most justly punished, that use unlawful things: thus Lucifer fell from heaven: thus Adam lost his paradise.

Joseph Mayhew
1777.

EPIG. 2.

*See how these fruitful kernels, being cast
 Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
 A full ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud!
 Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.*

III.



Ut potiar, patior, Patieris, non potieris.

III.

PROV. 14. 13.

*Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and
the end of that mirth is heaviness.*

1

A Las ! fond child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd
To hope for honey from a nest of wasps ?
Thou may'st as well
Go seek for ease in hell,
Or sprightly Nectar from the mouths of asps.

2

The world's a hive,
From whence thou can'st derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings :
Put case thou meet
Some petti-petti-sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

3

Why dost thou make
These murmur'ing troops forsake
The safe protection of their waxen homes ?
Their hive contains
No sweet that's worth thy pains ;
There's nothing here, alas ! but empty combs.

4

For trash and toys,
And grief ingend'ring joys,

What

What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood!
 What bitter pills,
 Compos'd of real ills,
 Men swallow down to purchase one false good!

5

The dainties here,
 Are least what they appear;
 Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour:
 The fruit that's yellow,
 Is found not always mellow;
 The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

6

Fond youth, give o'er,
 And vex thy soul no more;
 In seeking what were better far unfound;
 Alas! thy gains
 Are only present pains
 To gather scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth? or in it,
 That longer than a minute,
 Can lend a free delight that can endure?
 O who would droll,
 Or delve in such a soil,
 Where gain's uncertain and the pain is sure?

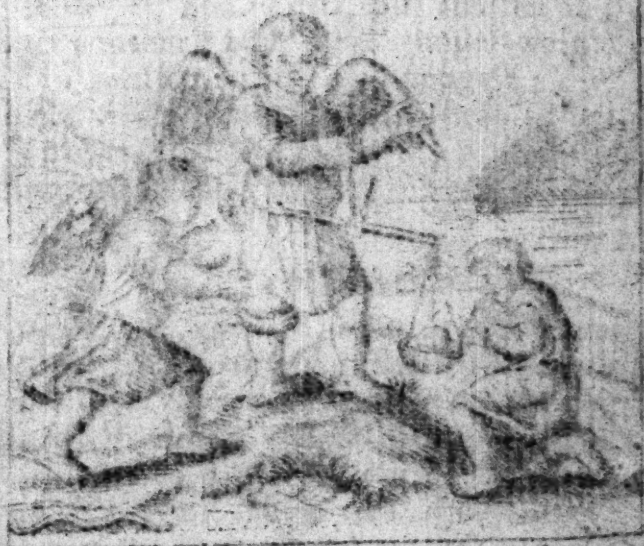
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful: It is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.



EPIG. 3.

*What, Cupid, are thy shafts already made?
And seeking honey to set up thy trade,
True emblem of thy sweets! thy bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a sting.*

IV.



Quis levior? cui plus ponderi addit amor

61

EPIC.

What Cupids, are thy flames already made?
And seeking honey to set up thy trade,
The emblem of thy sweets! thy bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their hearts a sting.

IV.

PSALM 62. 9.

*To be laid in the balance, it is altogether
lighter than vanity.*

Put in another weight: 'Tis yet too light;
And yet, fond Cupid, put another in;
And yet another: Still there's under-weight:
Put in another hundred: Put again;
Add world to world; then heap a thousand more
To that; then, to renew thy wasted store
Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance low.

Put in the flesh with all her loads of pleasure;
Put in great Mammon's endless inventory;
Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty Caesar;
Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory;
Add Scipio's gauntlet; put in Plato's gown;
Put Circe's charms, put in the triple crown:
Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not down.

Lord! what a world is this, which day and night
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble?
Which weigh'd in equal scales is found so light,
So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble?
Good God! that frantick mortals should bestow
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!

Thou

Thou holy Impostor, how hast thou befool'd
 The tribe of man with counterfeit desire!
 How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd
 Heav'n's free-born flame, and kindled bastard fire!
 How hast thou vented dross instead of treasure,
 And cheated men with thy false weights and measure,
 Proclaiming bad for good; & gilding death with pleasure!

5

The world's a crafty Strumpet, most affecting
 And closely foll'wing those that most reject her;
 But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting
 And coyly flying those that most affect her;
 If thou be free, she's strange; if strange, she's free;
 Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'll flee:
 Than she there's none more coy, there's none more fond
 (than she.

6

O what a crocodilian world is this,
 Compos'd of treach'ries, and insnaring wiles!
 She cloaths destruction in a formal kiss,
 And lodges death in her deceitful smiles;
 She hugs the soul she hates, and there does prove
 The very'st tyrant, where she vows to love,
 And is a serpent most, when most she seems a dove.

7

Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise
 To make an object of so easie gains;
 Thrice happy he, who scorns so poor a prize
 Should be the crown of his heroick pains:
 Thrice happy he, that ne'er was born to try
 Her frowns or smiles: or being born, did lie
 In his sad nurses arms an hour or two, and die.

AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward, than the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, momentary glory perish with her self, and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.

EPIG. 4.

My soul, what's lighter, than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.
What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble world: What, than this bubble? Nought.

AUGUSTUS

V.

O you that dwell upon this world, for what victory do ye
 fight? what conquest will ye have? what glory will ye
 win? what will ye be? what will ye be? what will ye be?
 what will ye be? what will ye be? what will ye be?
 what will ye be? what will ye be? what will ye be?
 what will ye be? what will ye be? what will ye be?



Hic vertitur orbis.

20

My soul, what's lighter, than a feather? Wind,
 than wind? The fire, And what, than fire? The mind,
 what's lighter than the mind? A thought, than thought?
 This bubble world, What, than this bubble? Nought.

H

The better world did move
Upon the fixed poles of truth and love
Love's element in the heart of men!
Then reason's light, there was no passion then;
I'll tell and rage began to burn
Love the circumstance was, and love the centre;
Until the wanton days of youth
But love grew heavily, false, unkind,
And cruel, and the golden age was
Pierced with the sharp darts of love's
From earth, call'd with the name of love,
And ever with the name of love,
Kept going with the name of love.

Cor. 7. 31.

The fashion of this World passeth away.

GOne are those golden days, wherein
Pale conscience started not at ugly sin;
When good old *Saturn's* peaceful throne,
Was ununsurped by his beardless Son;
When jealous *Ops* ne'er fear'd the abuse
Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptial truce;
When just *Affra* pois'd her scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,
With all that spurious brood young *Jove* begat,
In horrid shapes were yet unknown;
Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone.
There was no client then to wait
The leisure of this long-tail'd advocate;
The talion law was in request,
And Chanc'ry Courts were kept in ev'ry breast:
Abused statutes had no tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures:
There was no peeping hole to clear
The wittal's eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no lustful cinders then
To broil the carbonado'd hearts of men:
The rosie cheeks did then proclaim
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
There was no whining soul to start
At *Cupid's* twang, or curse his flaming dart;
The Boy had then but callow wings,
And fell *Erinnys's* scorpions had no stings;

The better-acted world did move
 Upon the fixed poles of truth and love.
 Love essenc'd in the hearts of men!
 Then reason rul'd, there was no passion then;
 Till lust and rage began to enter,
 Love the circumf'rence was, and love the centre;
 Until the wanton days of *Jove*
 The simple world was all compos'd of love;
 But *Jove* grew fleshly, false, unjust;
 Inferiour beauty fill'd his veins with lust;
 And cucquean *Juno's* fury hurld
 Fierce balls of rape into th' incestuous world:
Affrae fled, and love return'd
 From earth, earth boil'd with lust, with rage it burn'd,
 And ever since the world hath been
 Kept going with the scourge of lust and spleen.

S. AMBROSE

S. AMBROSE.

Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a false gallop.

HUGO.

Lust is an immoderate wantonness of the flesh; a sweet poison; a cruel pestilence; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroick mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity: in respect of Superiours, because they are not equal to them; in respect of Inferiours, lest he should be equal to them; in respect of Equals, because they are equal to them: Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Christ.

EPIG. 5.

What, Cupid, must the world be lash'd so soon?
But made at morning and be whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wagg, that plays with Venus' doves,
The more 'tis lash'd, the more perverse it proves.

VI.

Life is a short time to live, which always passes the
effort into a life long.

HUGO.

Life is an immediate transience of the self, a brief
possession, a cruel distress; a transient passion, which weakens
the body of man, and effeminates the strength of an
invincible man.



In cruce tuta quies

24

EPIC.

What God, what the world be said to soon
But made at morning and be what at noon?
The like the world, that plays with time, how
The more in life, the more perverts it proves.

H 2

VI.

ECCLES. 2. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of Spirit.

HOW is the anxious soul of man beset
 In his desire;
 That thinks an hestick fever may be cool'd
 In flames of fire?
 Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold
 From nasty mire?
 A whining lover may as well request
 A scornful breast
 To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

Let wit, and all her studied plots effect
 The best they can;
 Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect
 What wit began;
 Let earth advise with both, and so project
 A happy man;
 Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best,
 He may be blest
 With all that earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

Whose gold is double with a careful hand;
 His cares are double;

The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land
 Bring but a trouble;
 The world it self, and all the world's command,
 Is but a bubble.
 The strong desires of man's insatiate breast
 May stand possess'd
 Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

4

The world's a seeming par'dise, but her own
 And man's tormentor;
 Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone
 Without a tenter;
 It is a vast circumference, where none
 Can find a centre.
 Of more than earth, can earth make none possess'd;
 And he that least
 Regards this restless World, shall in this World find rest.

5

True rest consists not in the oft revying
 Of worldly dross;
 Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;
 Her gain is loss;
 Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying
 Upon her cross.
 How worldlings droll for trouble! That fond breast
 That is possess'd
 Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.

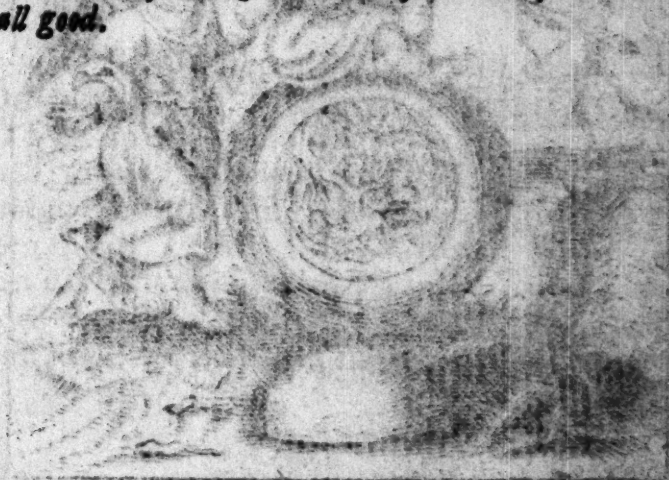
CASS.

CASS. in P.

The cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humble, the dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the just.

DAMASCEN.

The cross of Christ is the key of paradise; the weak man's staff; the convert's convoy; the upright man's perfection; the soul and bodies health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.



EPIG. 6.

*Worldlings, whose whim'ring folly holds the losses
Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth such crosses,
Look here, and tell me, what your arms engross,
When the best end of what he hugg's a cross?*

CASE in
VII.

The cross is the invisible language of the humble, the
rejection of the world, the way of Christ, the rejection
of the world, the way of Christ, the rejection
of the world, the way of Christ, the rejection



Latet hostis, et otia ducis?

28

Joseph

EPIC 6

Worldlings, whose whirling folly holds the loss
Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth such crosses
Look here, and tell me, what your arms engage,
When the best end of what he hugs a cross?

VII.

I. PET. 5. 8.

Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

I.

WHY dost thou suffer rustful sloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian lad, into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At Morpheus' shrine? Is this a time to sleep
Thy brains in wastful slumbers? up and rouse
Thy leaden spirit: Is this a time to sleep?
Adjourn thy sanguine dreams, awake, arise,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all advise,
Had'st thou, as many heads, as thou hast wounded eyes.

2.

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring slumbers! If thy drowzy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'st into a bed
Of sulph'rous flames, whose torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wise, let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wisdom; fools are wise too late.
Beware betimes, and let thy reason sever
Those gates which passion clos'd; wake now or never
For if thou nod'st thou fall'st, and falling fall'st for ever.

III

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare ::

His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart ;

He aims, he levels at thy slumb'ring heart ::

The wound is posting, O be wise, beware.

What, has the voice of danger lost the art
To raise the spirit of neglected care ?

Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft repose ;

But know withal, sweet taste have sour closes ;

And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

4

Yet, sluggard, wake, and gull thy soul no more

With earth's false pleasure, and the world's delight,

Whose fruit is fair, and pleasing to the sight,

But sour in taste, false as the purrid core ;

Thy flaring glass is gems at her half light,

She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor :

She boasts a kernel and bestows a shell ;

Performs an inch of her fair-promis'd ell :

Her words protest a heav'n ; her works produce an hell.

5

O thou the fountain of whose better part

Is earth'd and gravel'd up with vain desire :

That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire

And base pollution of a lustful heart,

That feel'st no passion, but in wanton fire,

And own'st no torment but in Cupid's dart ;

Behold thy type : Thou sit'st upon this ball

Of earth, secure, while death thee slings at all,

Strands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend

(thy fall.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

Security is no where; neither in heaven, nor in paradise, much less in the world: In heaven the Angels fell from the Divine Presence; in paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure; in the world, Judas fell from the School of our Saviour.

HUGO.

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as though I had past the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and escaped the torments of Hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the Kingdom of Heaven.

EPIG. 7.

*Get up, my soul; redeem thy slavish eyes
From drowzy bondage: O beware; be wise:
Thy foe's before thee; thou must fight or fly:
Life lies most open in a closed eye.*

VIII.

LUKE 6. 25.

*Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall
mourn and weep.*

THe world's a popular disease, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantick brains
Of poor distemper'd mortals, oft arising
From ill digestion, through th' unequal poising
Of ill-weigh'd elements, whose light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boiling liver;
Rends hair by handfuls, curling Cupid's quiver:
Another with a bloody flux of oaths
Vows deep revenge: one doats: the other bathes:
One frisks and sings, and cries a lagoon more
To drench dry cares, and make the Welkin roar:
Another droops: the Sun-shine makes him sad;
Heav'n cannot please: one's mop'd; the other's mad:
One hugs his gold; another lets it fly:
He knowing not for whom; nor t'other why.
One spends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another sleeps and slugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; t'other cries for that:
But neither one nor t'other knows for what.
Wonder of wonders! What we ought t'evite
As our disease, we hug as our delight:
'Tis held a symptom of approaching danger,
When disacquainted sense becomes a stranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old disease;
But when a noisom grief begins to please

The unresisting sense, it is a fear
 That death has parly'd, and compounded there :
 As when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand
 Pours forth a vial on th' infected land,
 At first th'affrighted mortals quake and fear ;
 And ev'ry noise is thought the Thunderer :
 But when the frequent soul-departing bell
 Has pay'd their ears with her familiar knell,
 It is reputed but a nine-day's wonder,
 They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder.
 So when the world (a worse disease) began
 To smart for sin, poor new-created man
 Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous Son
 Knew by his wages what his hands had done ;
 But bold-faced mortals in our blushless times
 Can sing and smile, and make a sport of crimes,
 Transgress of custom, and rebel in ease,
 We false joy'd fools can triumph in disease,
 And (as the careless Pilgrim, being bit
 By the Tarantula, begins a fit
 Of life-concluding laughter) waste our breath
 In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO de anima.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentary mirth, the world's power, the flesh's pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth? Where their insolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torments! What hath fallen to them, may befall thee, because thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou livest of earth! thou shalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every where! Be wise therefore, and expect death every where.



EPIG. 8.

*What ails the fool to laugh? Does something please
His vain conceit? Or is't a meer disease?
Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.*

HUGO. IX.

What profit is there in vain glory, momentary wealth,
 world's applause, if thy pleasure, full of sorrow, ends at length?
 Great wealth! I leave it to thy laughter, where it leads thee
 I leave it to chance, their advantage? From how many
 to how much! After how much wealth, how much
 joy! From how great joy are they fallen, to how great
 woe! How dark is the fall to them, may befall thee,
 soon as thou art: Thou art of earth; thou hast of earth
 thou hast return to earth. Death is the end of all
 Be wise therefore, and repel the evil day.



Frustra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum.

36

EPIC. 2.

What is the fool to laugh? Does something please
 His vain conceit? Or is't a mere droll?
 Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath;
 Thy morning laughter breeds an evening death.

IX.

I JOHN 2. 17.

The world passeth away, and all the lusts thereof.

DRAW near, brave Sparks, whose spirits scorn to light
Your hallow'd tapers, but at honour's flame;
You, whose heroick actions take delight

To varnish over a new painted name,
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th' *Icarian* wings of babbling fame;
Behold how tort'ring are your high-built stories (ries
Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of your glorie

And you, more brain-sick Lovers, that can prize
A wanton smile before eternal joys;

That know no heaven but in your Mistress' eyes;
That feel no pleasure, but what sense enjoys:

That can, like crown-distemper'd fools, despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toys;

Thing ye the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it self's unstable

Come, dunghil Worldlings, you that root like weeds,
And cast up golden trenches where ye come:

Whose only pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your mother's womb:

Come bring your Saint pouch'd in his leathern shrine,
And summon all your griping Angels home;

Behold your world, the bank of all your store
The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

XI

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
 Before the race; before the start, retreat;
 A faithless world, whose false delights expire
 Before the term of half their promis'd date:
 A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
 Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of state:
 A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein
 Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act a sin.

The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r;
 Is now a ruine, not to raise a lust:
 He that was lately drench'd in Danaë's show'r,
 Is master now of neither good nor trust;
 Whose honour late was mann'd with princely pow'r,
 His glory now lies buried in the dust;
 O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
 That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry mi-
 nute.

Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain,
 Can find a place wherein to rest secure:
 The world is various, and the earth is vain,
 There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure:
 We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
 And what's our only grief's our only cure:
 The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
 To find the way to rest, must seek the way to leave her.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in hom.

Behold the world is withered in it self, yet flourisheth in our hearts, every where death, every where grief, every where desolation: On every side we are smitten; on every side filled with bitterness, and yet with the blind mind of carnal desire, we love her bitterness: It flieth and we follow it; it falleth, yet we stick to it: And because we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

EPIG. 9.

*If fortune fail, or envious time but spurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn;
When fortune sees, and Lynx-ey'd time is blind,
I'll trust thy joys, O world, till then, the wind.*

C

X.



Utriusq; crepundia Merces.

40

X.

JOHN 8. 44.

*Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts
of your father ye will do.*

Here's your right ground: wag gently o'er this black:
'Tis a short cast; y'are quickly at the jack.

Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one:

On this bowl's side; blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's worse that comes; come bowl away:

Mammon, you know the ground, untutor'd play!
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd,

Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, readers, to consume that day,

Which without pastime flies too swift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night

Were both too short to serve their loose delight:
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skrew

Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One raps an oath, another deals a curse;

He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,

The other bends his beetle brows, and chafes:
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their *Stygian* cries

Send their black *Santo's* to the blushing skies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,

They make bad premises, and worse conclusion:
But where's a palm that fortune's hand allows

To bless the victor's honourable brows?
Come, reader, come; I'll light thine eye the way

To view the prize, the while the gamesters play:

Cloſe by the jack, behold, jill fortune ſtands
To wave the game; ſee in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open ſhow,
To cheer the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's brow.
The world's the jack; the gameſters that contend,
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*: that judicious fiend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan*: and the bowls
Are ſinful thoughts; the prize, a crown for fools.
Who breaths that bowls not? What bold tongue can ſay
Without a bluſh, he has not bowl'd to day?
It is the trade of man, and ev'ry ſinner
Has play'd his rubbers: every ſoul's a winner.
The vulgar proverb's croſt, he hardly can
Be a good bowler and an honeſt man.
Good God! turn thou my *Brazil* thoughts anew;
New-ſole my bowls, and make their byaſs true.
I'll ceaſe to game, till fairer ground be giv'n,
Nor wiſh to win, until the mark be heav'n.

S. BERN

S. BERNARD, lib. de confid.

O you sons of Adam, you covetous generations, what have
ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor
yours? Gold and Silver are real earth, red and white, which
the only error of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: In-
short, if they be yours, carry them with you.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

O Lust, thou infernal fire, whose fuel is gluttony; whose
flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke
is infamy; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end is hell.

EPIG. 10.

Mammon well follow'd; Cupid bravely led;
Both touchers; equal fortune makes a dead;
No reed can measure where the conquest lies;
Take my advice; compound, and share the prize.

C 3

XI.



Mundus in exitum ruat 44

XI.

EPHES. 2. 2.

*Ye walked according to the course of this world,
according to the prince of the air.*

O Whither will this mad-brain world at last
Be driv'n? Where will her restless wheels arrive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?
O whither means her furious groom to drive?
What, will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? Never once retrieve?
Will Earth's perpetual progress ne'er expire?
Her team continuing in their fresh career:
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2

Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve hours task perform'd grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:
At th' azure mountains foot their labours claim
The privilege of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And fresh their tired souls with strength-restoring sleep.

3

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race or flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of rest, but travel with delight;
Who never weighing way nor weather, trot

C 4

Through

Through dust and dirt, and droil both night and day;
 Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free pains
 Are fed with dropsies and venereal blains.
 No need to use the whip; but strength to rule the reins.

4

Poor captive world! How has thy lightness giv'n
 A just occasion to thy foes illusion?
 O, how art thou betray'd thus fairly driv'n
 In seeming triumph to thy own confusion?
 How is thy empty universe bereav'n
 Of all true joys, by one false joy's delusion?
 So I have seen an unblown virgin fed
 With sugar'd words so full, that she is led
 A fair attended bride to a false bankrupt's bed.

5

Full gracious Lord! Let not thine arm forsake
 The world impounded in her own devices:
 Think of that pleasure that thou once did'st take
 Amongst the lilies and sweet beds of spices.
 Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack
 The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices:
 Let not thy dust-devouring dragon boast,
 His craft has won what *Juda's* lion lost;
 Remember what is crav'd; recount the price it coff.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR. lib. 1. De summo bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more fiercely he troubleth it with persecution; that knowing himself is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and spacious is the road to infernal life; there are enticements and death-bringing pleasures. There the devil flattereth that he may deceive; smileth that he may endamage; allureth that he may destroy.

EPIG. 11.

*Nay, soft and fair, good world; post not too fast;
Thy journies end requires not half this haste.
Unless that arm thou so disdain'st, reprives thee,
Alas! thou needs must go, the devil drives thee.*

XII.



Inopem me copia fecit 48.

XII.

ISAIAH 66. II.

*Te may suck, but not be satisfied with the breast
of her consolation.*

WHat, never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd so fast (thee;
To th'earth's full breast? for shame, for shame unseize
Thou tak'st a surfeit where thou shoul'd but tast,
And mak'st too much not half enough to please thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou swallowest at one-breath
Both food and poison down; thou draw'st both milk and
(death.

²
The ub'rous breasts, when fairly drawn, repast
The thriving infant with their milky flood,
But being overstrain'd, return at last
Unwholsom gulps compos'd of wind and blood.
A mod'rate use does both repast and please;
Who strains beyond a mean, draws in and gulps disease.

³
But, O that mean, whose good the least abuse
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes or crabs a pleasing juice? A
There's nothing wholsom, where the whole's infected.
Unseize thy lips: earth's milk's a ripen'd core,
That drops from her disease, that matters from her sore.

4

Think'st thou that paunch, that burlies out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or flesh, that seems so brawny?
Thy paunch is dropsied and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;

Thy

Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumours ;
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

5

And thou, whose thriveless hands are ever straining
Earth's fluent breasts into an empty sieve,
That always hast, yet always art complaining,
And whin'st for more than earth has pow'r to give ;
Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast ;
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast.

6

Go chuse a substance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking measure ;
Or else go seek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure :
Alas ! how poorly are thy labours crown'd ?
Thy liquor's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

7

What less than fool is man to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods, which being got,
Make firm possession but a thorow-fare ;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper ;
And being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. Hom. 3. secund. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the flesh than we ought, we nourish an enemy; if we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a citizen: the flesh is to be satisfied so far as suffices to our good; whosoever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: to be satisfied is a great art; lest by the satiety of the flesh we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

HUGO de anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.



EPIG. 12.

*What makes thee, fool, so fat? fool, thee so bare?
Ye suck the self-same milk, the self-same air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.*

XIII.



Da mihi fræna timor, Da mihi calcar amor

XIII.

JOHN 3: 19.

*Men love darkness rather than light, because
their deeds are evil.*

Lord, when we leave the world and come to thee,
How dull, how slug are we!
How backward! How prepost'rous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are millstones, and our souls are lead,
And our desires are dead:
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whose performance one poor worldly scoff
Foils us, or beats us off.
If thy sharp scourge find out some secret fault,
We grumble or revolt,
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we stray,
Or idly lose the way.
Is the road fair? we loyter; clogg'd with mire?
We stick or else retire:
A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,
Each bush we see's a bear.
When our dull souls direct our thoughts to thee,
As slow as snails are we;
But at the earth we dart our wing'd desire,
We burn, we burn like fire.
Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetick friend:

Or as the greedy lover's eye-balls fly
 At his fair mistress' eye:
 So, so we cling to earth; we fly and puff,
 Yet fly not fast enough.
 If pleasure beckon with her balmy hand,
 Her beck's a strong command:
 If honour calls us with a courtly breath,
 An hour's delay is death:
 If profit's golden-finger'd charm enveigles,
 We clip more swift than eagles:
 Let *Auster* weep, or blust'ring *Boreas* roar
 Till eyes or lungs be sore:
 Let *Neptune* swell until his dropsy sides
 Burst into broken tides:
 Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,
 Can curb our fierce desire;
 Nor fire, nor rocks, can stop our furious minds,
 Nor waves, nor winds:
 How fast and fearless do our footsteps flee!
 The light-foot roe-buck's not so swift as we.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. sup. Psal. 64.

Two severall lovers built two severall cities; the love of God buildeth a Jerusalem; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon: Let every one enquire of himself what he loveth, and he shall resolve himself of whence he is a citizen.

S. AUGUST. lib 3. Confess.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre; my weight is my love; by that I am driven whithersoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the less, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

*Lord, scourge my ass, if she should make no hast,
And curb my stag, if he should fly too fast;
If he be over-swift, or she prove idle,
Let love lend him a spur; fear, her a bridle.*

XIV.



Phosphore redde diem

XIV.

PSALM 13. 3.

*Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the
sleep of death.*

Will't ne'er be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'er break, and clear those clouds of night?

Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day,

Whose conqu'ring ray

May chase these fogs; sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

How long! How long shall these benighted eyes

Languish in shades, like feeble flies

Expecting spring? How long shall darkness soil

The face of earth, and thus beguile

Our souls of sprightly action? When, when will day

Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray

May gild the weather-cocks of our devotion,

And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?

Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day;

Thy light will fray

These horrid mists; sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

Let those have night that flily love t'immure

Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure;

Let those have night that blush to let men know

The baseness they ne'er blush to do;

Let those have night that love to have a nap,

And loll in ignorance's lap;

Let those whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,

Let those have night that love the night:

Sweet

Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day ;
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes? Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day.

Alas! my light in vain expecting eyes
Can find no objects, but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
Of *Vulcan's* forge, whose flames are dark,
A dang'rous, dull blue-burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the suns that glisten in the sphere
Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day;
Haste, haste away
Heav'n's loit'ring lamp; sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers hast bedight
The world's fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spight;
Since thou hast putt our greater taper; do
Puff on, and out the lesser too:
If e'er that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night; sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if darkness he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned; an unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a seminary of wisdom; a radical beginning of all goodness.

lay.

EPIG. 14.

My soul, if ignorance puff out this light,
She'll do a favour that intends a spight:
'T seems dark abroad; but take this light away,
Thy windows will discover break-a-day.

T.

XV.



Debilitate fides: Terras Astraea reliquit

XV.

REV. 12. 12.

*The devil is come unto you, having great
wrath, because he knoweth that he hath
but a short time.*

Lord, can'st thou see and suffer? Is thy hand
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earth's black Mo-
A full possession of thy wasted land? (narch take
O, will thy slumbering vengeance never wake,
Till full ag'd law-resisting custom shake
The pillars of thy right by false command?
Unlock thy clouds, great thund'rer, and come down
Behold those temples wear thy sacred crown;
Redress, redress our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

See how the bold usurper mounts the seat
Of royal majesty; how overstrawing
Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bug-bear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted subjects; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat;
Lord, can'st thou be so mild, and he so bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by the fox? Lord, can'st thou see and hold?

3

That swift-wing'd advocate, that did commence
Our welcome suits before the King of Kings,

That

That sweet embassador, that hurries hence
 What airs th' harmonious soul or sighs or sings,
 See how she flutters with her idle wings;
 Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense;
 Sense-conqu'ring faith is now grown blind and cold
 And basely craven'd, that in times of old
 Did conquer heav'n it self, do what th' Almighty could

4

Behold how double fraud does scourge and tear
Astrea's wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent
 With knotted cords, whose fury has no ear;
 See how she stands a pris'ner to be sent
 A slave into eternal banishment,
 I know not whither, O, I know not where:
 Her patent must be cancel'd in disgrace;
 And sweet-lipt fraud, with her divided face,
 Must act *Astrea's* part, must take *Astrea's* place.

5

Faith's pinion's clipt! and fair *Astrea* gone!
 Quick seeing *Faith* now blind, and *Justice* see:
 Has *Justice* now found wings? And has *Faith* none?
 What do we here? Who would not wish to be
 Dissolv'd from earth, and with *Astrea* flee
 From this blind dungeon to that sun-bright throne?
 Lord, is thy sceptre lost, or laid aside?
 Is hell broke loose, and all her fiends untied?
 Lord, rise, and rouse, & rule, and crush their furious pride

PETER

PETER RAV. in Matth.

The Devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the World, man's perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth error, nourisheth contention, distributeth peace, and scattereth affliction.

MACAR.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

Joseph Maylin
1777

EPIG. 15.

*My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;
 Judge not the play before the play is done:
 Her plot has many changes: Ev'ry day
 Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns the Play.*

I.



Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

THE

SECOND BOOK.

ISAIAH 50. 11.

*You that walk in the light of your own fire;
and in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye
shall lie down in sorrow.*

DO, silly Cupid, snuff and trim
Thy false, thy feeble light,
And make her self-consuming flames more bright;
Methinks she burns too dim.
Is this that sprightly fire,
Whose more than sacred beams inspire
The ravilht hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

See, boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Consumes, how fast she wains;
She spends her self, and her, whose wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rays.
Cannot thy lustful blast
Which gave it lustre, make it last?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends

Go, wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light.
Where never-breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
Thy sullen shades of night:
Thy torch will burn more clear
In night's un-Titan's Hemisphere;
Heaven's scornful flames and thine can never co-appear.

T H E

4.

In vain thy busie hands address
 Their labour to display
 Thy easie blaze within the verge of day;
 The greater drowns the less!
 If heav'n's bright glory shine,
 Thy glimring sparks must needs resign;
 Buff out heav'n's glory then, or heaven will work out
 (thine.

5.

Go, *Cupid's* rammish *Pandar*, go,
 Whose dull, whose low desire
 Can find sufficient warmth from nature's fire,
 Spend borrow'd breath, and blow
 Blow wind made strong with spight;
 When thou hast puffed the greater light
 Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made
 (night.

6.

Deluded mortals, tell me when
 Your daring breath has blown
 Heav'n's taper out, and you have spent your own,
 What fire shall warm you then?
 Ah fools, perpetual night
 Shall haunt your souls with *Syagian* fright,
 Where they shall boil in flames, but flames shall bring
 (no light.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. 25.

By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he seeth the light of grace, by so much the more he disdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the understanding, humility kindeth, and pride covereth.



EPIG. 1.

Thou blow'st heav'n's fire, the whilst thou go'st about,
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out,
Thy folly adds confusion to thy death;
Heav'n's fire confounds, when fann'd with follies breath.

H.



Donec totum expleat orbem.

II.

ECCLES. 4. 8.

*There is no end of all his labour, neither is
his eye satisfied with riches.*

How our widen'd arms can over-stretch
Their own dimensions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their distance! How our yeilding breast
Can shrink to be more full and full possess'd
Of this inferiour orb! How earth refin'd
Can cling to sordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store;
Enough requires too much; too much craves more:
We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,
That we recoil or burst: the busie mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coining new desires; desires not knowing
Where next to pitch, but like the boundless-ocean
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion:
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black ey'd night
First tips her horned brows with easie light,
Whose curious train of spangled Nymphs attire
Her next night's glory with increasing fire;
Each ev'ning adds more lustre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her grasping horns:
She sucks and draws her brother's golden store,
Until her glutted orb can suck no more,
Ev'n so the vulture of insatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds
New fewel to increase her rav'nous fire,
The grave is sooner cloy'd than mens desire:
We cross the seas, and midst her waves we burn,
Transporting lives, perchance, that ne'er return;

We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands
 Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands;
 We travel sea and soil, we pry, we prowl,
 We progress, and we prog from pole to pole;
 We spend our mid-day sweat, our mid-night oil,
 We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:
 We make art servile, and the trade gentle,
 (Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
 To compass earth, and with her empty store
 To fill our arms, and grasp one handful more;
 Thus seeking rest, our labours never cease;
 But as our years, our hot desires increase:
 Thus we, poor little worlds, with blood and sweat
 In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
 Thus, in our gain become we gainful losers;
 And what we close, we lose; the enblossers;
 Now, reader, close thy book; and then advise;
 Be wisely worldly; be not worldly wise;
 Let not thy nobler thoughts be always taking
 The world's base dunghill; vermin's tool by taking
 Take heed thou trust not the deceitful sap
 Of wanton *Dahily*; the world's a trap;
 Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion
 The pale-faced lady of the black eye's night
 Whose curious train of spotted Nymphs attend
 Her next night's glory with increasing fire;
 Each evening adds more lustre, and adorns
 The growing beauty of her grasping horns:
 The ticks and draws her brother's golden store
 Until her glutted orb can suck no more
 Even to the vulture of insatiate minds
 Still wants, and wanting look, and feeling hands
 New fuel to increase her rav'nous fire:
 We cross the less, and midst her waves we burn
 Transporting lives, perchance, that ne'er return;
 We

HUGO

HUGO de anima.

Tell me where be those now, that so lately lov'd and hugg'd the world? Nothing remaineth of them but dust and worms; observe what those men were; what those men are: They were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days; and in a moment slipt into hell. Here their flesh is food for worms, there their souls are fuel for fire, till they shall be rejoined in an unhappy fellowship, and cast into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in sin, shall be hereafter partners in punishment.

EPIG 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still, until that wind,
That's pent before, find secret vent behind:
And when thou'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'll trust thy armful, I'll trust that.

III.

JOB 18. 8.

He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a snare.

WHat? nets and quiver too? what need there all
 These fly devices to betray poor men?
 Die they not fast enough when thousands fall.
 Before thy dart? what need these engines then?
 Attend they not, and answer to thy call,
 Like nightly coveys, where thou liest and when?
 What needs a stratagem where strength can sway?
 Or what needs strength compel where none gainsay?
 Or what needs stratagem or strength, where hearts obey?

Husband thy flights! It is but vain to waste
 Honey on those that will be catch'd with gall;
 Thou canst not, ah! thou canst not bid so fall.
 As men obey! Thou art more slow to call
 Than they to come; thou canst not make such hast
 To strike, as they, being struck, make hast to fall.
 Go save thy nets for that rebellious heart
 That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
 To avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fiery dart.

3

Lost mortal; how is thy destruction sure,
 Between two pawls and both without remorse!

The

The one's a line, the other is a lure;
 This to intice thy soul; that to enforce:
 Way-laid by both, how canst thou stand secure?
 That draws; this woos thee to th' eternal curse.
 O charming tyrant, how hast thou befool'd
 And slav'd poor man, that would not if he could,
 Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay, could not if he would.

4th [a more distress]

Alas, thy sweet perfidious voice betrays
 His wanton ears with thy Sirenian baits;
 Tho' wrap't his eyes in mists, then boldly lays
 Thy *Lethal* gins before their crystal gates;
 Thou lock'st up ev'ry sense with thy false keys,
 All willing pris'ners to thy chole deceits:
 His ear most nimble, where it deaf should be,
 His eye most blind, where most it ought to see,
 And when his hears a most bound, then thinks himself
 (most free.

Thou grand impostor, how hast thou obtain'd
 The wardship of the world? Are all men turn'd
 Ideots and lunatics? Are all retain'd
 Beneath thy servile hands? Is none return'd
 To his forgotten self? Has none regain'd
 His senses? Are their senses all adourn'd?
 What, none dismiss thy court? Will no plump fee
 Bribe thy false fists to make a glad decree
 T'unfool whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy pris'ners
 (free?

3

S. BERN-

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here all things are traps; here every thing is beset with snares; here souls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of spirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, *Cupid*, pitch thy trammel, where thou please,
 Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these?
 Thy thriving sport will ne'er be spent: no need
 To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt speed.

IV.



Quam graue seruitium est quod leuis gloriatur

IV.

HOSEA 13. 3.

*They shall be as the chaff that is driven with
a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the
smoke out of the chimney.*

FLint-hearted Stoicks, you, whose marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise
To follow nature's too affected fashion,
Or travel in the regent walk of passion;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
Or play at fast and loose, with smiles and tears;
Come burst your spleens with laughter to behold
A new found vanity, which days of old
Ne'er knew: a vanity, that has beset
The world, and made more slaves than *Mahomet*;
That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.
But stay, why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?
No, they were smok'd and slay'd as well as we: (sure
What's sweet-lipt honour's blast, but smoke? What's strea-
But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure?
Alas! they're all but shadows, fumes and blasts,
That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes.
The restless merchant, he that loves to sleep
His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep
In bags of bullion, sees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but ingots kept him down:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow:
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;

Blow winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke;
 A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.
 Behold the glory-vying child of fame,
 That from deep wounds sucks such an honour'd name,
 That thinks no purchase worth the style of good,
 But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood;
 That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
 Undaunted-gazes in the face of death;
 Whose dear-bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
 Breaks with a phillip, or a Gen'ral's frown:
 His stroke-got honour staggers with a stroke;
 A slave to honour is a slave to smoke.
 And that fond fool, who wastes his idle days
 In loose delights and sports about the blaze
 Of Cupid's candle; he that daily spies
 Twin babies in his mistress' Gemini's,
 Whereto his sad devotion does impart
 The sweet burnt offering of a bleeding heart:
 See, how his wings are kindg'd in Cyprian fire,
 Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire.
 The world's a bubble, all the pleasures in it,
 Like morning vapours, vanish in a minute:
 The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;
 A slave to pleasure, is a slave to smoke.
 Now, Stroick, cease thy laughter, and repast
 Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

S. HIERON.

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great, because he is rich; the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly; he is blown up, but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour: the pomp of the world, and the favour of the people, are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing; which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

EPIG. 4.

*Cupid, thy diet's strange: It dulls, it rowzes,
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looses:
Dull-sprightly, cold-hot fool, if e'er it winds thee
Into a looseness once, take heed, it binds thee.*

V.



Non omne quod hic micat aurum est

V.

PROV. 23. 5.

*Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not?
for riches make themselves wings, they flie
away as an eagle.*

False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend.

The least delight:

Thy favours cannot gain a friend,

They are so slight:

Thy morning pleasures make an end.

To please at night:

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st:

And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st

With heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales

Of endless treasure;

Thy bounty offers easie sales

Of lasting pleasure;

Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,

And swear'st to ease her:

There's none can want where thou supply'st:

There's none can give where thou deny'st.

Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st:

3.

What well advised ear regards.

What earth can say?

Thy words are gold, but thy rewards

Are painted clay:

Thy

Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
 Thou canst not play;
 Thy game at weakeſt, ſtill thou vy'ſt;
 If ſeen, and then revv'd,
 Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

Thy tinſel boſome ſeems a mint
 Of new-coin'd treaſure,

A paradise, that has no ſtint,
 No change, no meaſure:

A painted caſk, but nothing in't,
 Nor wealth, nor pleaſure:

Vain earth! that falſly thus comply'ſt
 With man; vain man, that thou rely'ſt
 On earth; vain man, thou doſt it; vain earth, thou ly'ſt.

What mean dull ſouls, in this high meaſure
 To haberdash

In earth's baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
 Is droſs and traſh;

The height of whoſe enchanting pleaſure
 Is but a ſtain?

Are theſe the goods that thou ſupply'ſt

Us mortals with? Are theſe the high'ſt?

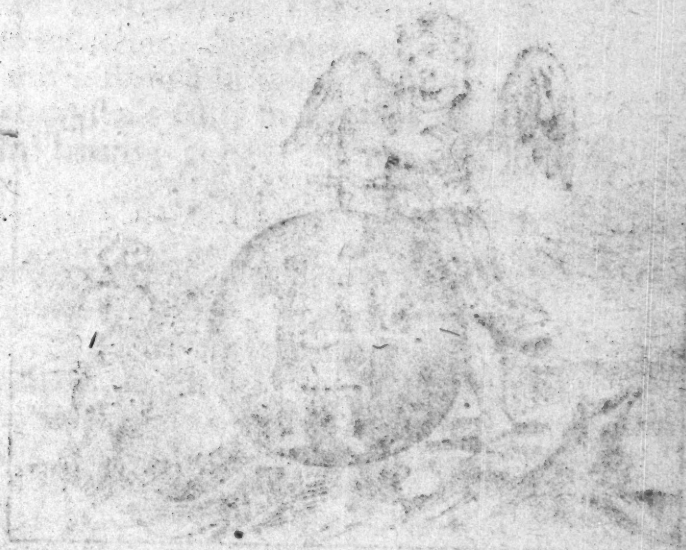
Can theſe bring cordial peace? Falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

PET. BLES.

The world is deceitful; her end is doubtful; Her conclusion is horrible; her Judge is terrible; and her punishment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

The vain-glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour: Her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.



EPIG. 5.

World, thou'rt a traytor; thou hast stamp't thy base
And chymick metal with great *Cæsar's* face,
And with thy bastard bullion thou hast barter'd
For wares of price; how justly drawn and quarter'd!

VI.



Sic decipit orbis.

84

Worth, there's a mystery; then shall I say
 And quick with great eyes, I see
 And with thy hand, I shall see
 For wares of price; how justly heaven and earth

VI.

JOB. 15. 31.

*Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity,
for vanity shall be his recompence.*

Believe her not, her glass diffuses
False portraitures: thou canst espie
No true reflection: she abuses
Her mis-inform'd beholder's eye;
Her crystal's falsely steel'd; it scatters
Deceitful beams; believe her not, she flatters.

This glaring mirrour represents
No right proportion, view or feature:
Her very looks are complements;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilful gloss of her reflection
But paints the context of thy coarse complexion.

Were thy dimension but a stride,
Nay, wert thou statur'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defy'd,
A very fragment of a man!
She'll make thee *Minas*, which you will,
The *Jewe*-slain Tyrant, or th' *Smick* bill.

Had surfeits, or th' ungracious star
Conspir'd to make one common place

Of all deformities that are
 Within the volume of thy face,
 She'd lend the favour should out-move
 The *Troy-bane Helen*, or the *Queen of Love*.

5

Were thy consum'd estate as poor
 As *Lazarus* or afflicted *Job's* :
 She'll change thy wants to seeming store,
 And turn thy rags to purple robes;
 She'll make thy hide-bound flank appear
 As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

6

Look off, let not thy opticks be
 Abus'd: thou seest not what thou should'st:
 Thy self's the object thou should'st see,
 But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st:
 And shadows thrive the more in stature,
 The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7

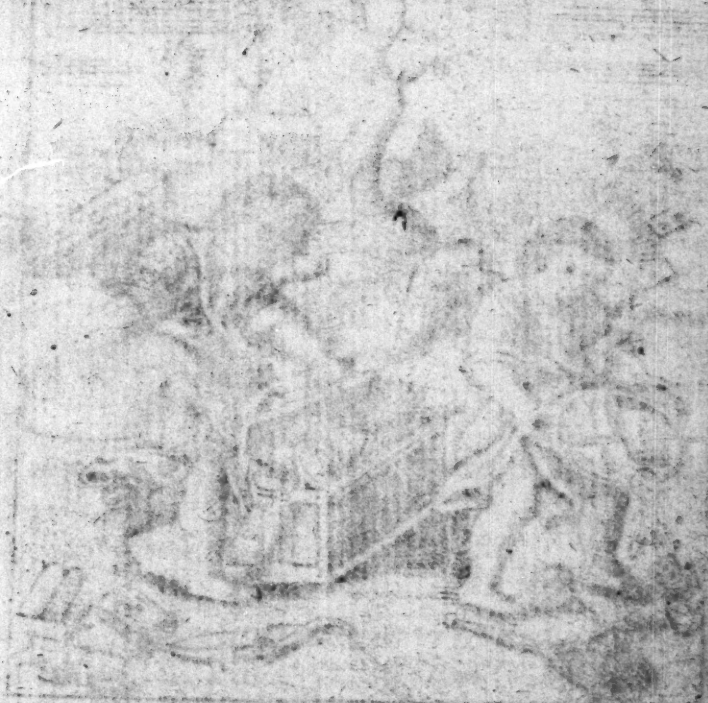
Where heav'n's bright beams look more direct,
 The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger.
 But when they glance their fair aspect,
 The bold-fac'd shade grows larger, longer:
 And when their lamp begins to fall,
 Th'increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

8

The soul that seeks the noon of grace,
 Shrinks in, but swells if grace retreat:
 As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
 Our self esteems grow less or great.
 The least is greatest, and who shall
 Appear the greatest, are the least of all.

HUGO lib. de anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: First, thou must see the visible things of thy self, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God; for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not apprehend the things above thee: the best looking-glass, wherein to see thy God, is perfectly to see thy self.



EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: there is no loss
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross.
Man is heav'n's Master-piece: if it appear
More great, the value's less; if less, more dear.

VII.



Hic pessima, hic optima servat.

VII.

DEUTERONOMY 30. 19.

I have set before thee, life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life, that thou and thy seed may live.

I

THE world's a floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnow'd grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and buried in her soil;
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile;
The world's an ark, wherein things pure and gross
Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

This furnish'd ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or heav'n can add;
Here lasting joys; here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had:
All points of honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy soul, and wealth, both good and bad:
Here may'st thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store
Which being empty most, does overflow the more.

E 2

Come

Come then, my soul, approach this royal burse,
 And see what wares our great exchange retains;
 Come, come; here's that shall make a firm divorce
 Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
 No need to sit in council with thy purse,
 Here's nothing good shall cost more price than pain
 But, O my soul, take heed, if thou rely
 Upon thy faithless opticks, thou wilt buy
 Too blind a bargain: know, fools only trade by th'eye

4

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
 Is like a sieve, that does alone retain
 The grosser substance of the worthless bran:
 But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain
 So coarse a purchase: O be thou a fan
 To purge the chaff and keep the winnow'd grain:
 Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt desire
 Thou art heav'n's tasker; and thy God requires
 The purest of thy flow'r, as well as of thy fires.

5

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
 And wisdom bless the soul's unblemish'd ways;
 No matter then, how short or long's the lease,
 Whose date determines thy self-number'd days:
 No need to care for wealth's or fame's increase,
 Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's bays.
 Lord, if thy gracious bounty please to fill
 The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
 To dress and chuse the corn, take those the chaff that will

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation than in fruition: but things eternal more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts: but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with angels.

EPIG. 10.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed,
But like a child, and with the childrens bread:
Art thou art fed with chaff, or corn undrest:
My soul, thou favour'st too much of the beast.

L 3

VIII



Hæc animant pueros cymbala, at illa viros

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS 3. 19.

They mind earthly things, but our conversation is in heaven.

Venus. Divine Cupid.

Ven. **W**Hat means this peevish babe? Whiff, lullaby,
 What ails my babe, what ails my babe?
 Will nothing still it? Will it neither be
 Pleas'd with the nurses breast, nor mother's knee?
 What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
 To make such whimpering faces? Peace, my joy:
 Will nothing do? Come, come this peevish brat,
 Thus cry and brail, and cannot tell for what?
 Come buss and friends, my lamb; whiff, lullaby,
 What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
 Peace, peace, my dear; alas! thy early years
 Had never faults to merit half these tears;
 Come smile upon me: let thy mother spie
 Thy father's image in her babies eye:
 Husband these guilty drops against the rage
 Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
 Thine eye's not ripe for tears: Whiff, lullaby;
 What ails my babe, my sweet-fac'd babe to cry?
 Look, look, what's here! A dainty golden ring;
 See how the dancing bells turn round and ring
 To please my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
 An hundred kisser: here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
 As *Pe'ops'* shoulder, or a milk-white pair:
 Here's right the father's smile; when *Mars* beguil'd
 Sick *Venus* of her heart, just thus he smil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they smile alike; thy base-bred boy
 And his base fire had both one cause, a toy:
 How well their subjects and their smiles agree?
 Thy *Cupid* finds a Toy, and *Mars* found thee:
 False Queen of beauty, Queen of false delights,
 Thy knee presents an Emblem, that invites
 Man to himself, whose self-transported heart
 (O'er-whelm'd with native sorrows, and the smart
 Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
 Not knowing why, till heavy heel'd delay,
 The dull-brow'd Pandar of despair, lays by
 His leaden buskins, and presents his eye
 With antick trifles, which th' indulgent earth
 Makes proper objects of man's childish mirth.
 These be the coin that pass, the sweets that please;
 There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these:
 These be the pipes that base-born minds dance after,
 And turn immod'rate tears to lavish laughter;
 Whilst heav'nly raptures pass without regard;
 Their strings are harsh, and their high strains unheard:
 The ploughman's whistle or the trival flute,
 Find more respect than great *Apollo's* lute:
 We'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joys;
 Let swine love husks, and children whine for toys.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the creator, which (being once possessed thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleasure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.

S. BERN.

Joy in a changeable subject must necessarily change as the subject changeth.

EPIG. 8.

*Peace, childish Cupid, peace: thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry.
But are thy peevish wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well may'st thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.*

E 5

IX.



Venturum exhorresco diem.

IX

ISAIAH 10. 3.

*What will you do in the day of your visitation?
to whom will ye flie for help? and where
will you leave your glory?*

IS this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimpering hearts?
Is this that sov'reign Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings (kings?
The blund'ring souls of swains, and stops the hearts of

2
What *Circean* charm, what *Hecatean* spight
Has thus abus'd the God of love?
Great *Jove* was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than *Jove*?)
Or has our lustful God perform'd a rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape?
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape.

3
Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious fates?
Ah! where's that pearl port-cullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes that so controll'd
The world, and locks that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burnish'd gold?

41

No, no 'twas neither *Hecatan* spite,
 Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;
 'Twas neither *Circe's* spell, nor *Stygian* spright,
 That thus transform'd our God of love;
 'Twas owl-ey'd Lust (more potent far than they)
 Whose eyes and actions hate the day:
 Whom all the world observe, whom all the world obey.

5

See how the latter Trumpet's dreadful blast
 Affrights stout *Mars* his trembling son!
 See, how he startles! how he stands agast,
 And scrambles from his melting throne!
 Hark how the direful hand of vengeance tears
 The swelt'ring clouds, whilst heav'n appears
 A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.

6

This is that day, whose oft report hath worn
 Neglected tongues of prophets bare;
 The faithless subject of the worldlings scorn,
 The sum of men and angels pray'r:
 This, this the day, whose all discerning light
 Ransacks the secret dens of night,
 And severs good from bad; true joys from false delight.

7

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whose wisdom trades
 Where light ne'er shot his golden ray,
 That hide your actions in *Cimmerian* shades,
 How will your eyes endure this day?
 Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not hear;
 There be no caves, no corners there, (fear.
 To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts from

HUGO.

HUGO.

O the extream loathsomeness of fleshly lust, which not only effeminates the mind, but enervates the body; which not only distaineth the soul, but disguiseth the person? It is usher'd with fury and wantonness; it is accompanied with filchiness and uncleanness; and it is follow'd with grief and repentance.

EPIG 9.

What? sweet fac'd Cupid, has thy bastard-treasure,
Thy boasted honours and thy bold-fac'd pleasure
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool, *to wit, to woe.*

OXUH



Summit : inane est.

X.

NAHUM 2. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waste.

She's empty : hark, she sounds, there's nothing there
 But noise to fill thy ear ;
 Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
 A blast of murm'ring wind :
 It is a cask, that seems as full as fair,
 But meerly runn'd with air ;
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds :
 The soul that vainly sounds
 Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

2.

She's empty : hark, she sounds : there's nothing in't,
 The spark-engend'ring flint
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
 Dissolve and quench thy thirst,
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
 With smooth-fac'd calms of rest.
 Thou may'st as well expect meridian light
 From shades of black-mouth'd night,
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's

3

She's empty : hark, she sounds ; 'tis void and vast ;
 What if some flatt'ring blast
 Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
 And whisper in thine ear ?
 It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
 And vanisheth like mist.
 Poor honour earth can give ! What gen'rous mind
 Would be so base to bind
 Her heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind ?

4

She's empty : hark, she sounds : 'tis but a ball
 For fools to play withall :
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
 That's lin'd with silken trouble :
 It is a world, whose work and recreation
 Is vanity and vexation ;
 A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion'd paint,
 A quest-house of complaint ;
 It is a saint, a fiend, worse fiend, when most a saint.

5

She's empty : hark, she sounds : 'tis vain and void,
 What's here to be enjoy'd
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
 Drawn now, and cross'd to morrow ?
 Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
 Reviv'd with living death ?
 Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
 Than what dull flesh propounds :
 Trust not this hollow world, she's empty : hark, she
 (sounds.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou shalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt find heav'n.

HUGO lib. de vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.

EPIG. 10.

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income, tears:
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.

2 CHRYS. XI. 2



Erras hac itur ad illam

XI.

MATTH. 7. 14.

*Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and
few there be that find it.*

PRepos't'rous fool, thou stroul'st amiss;
Thou err'st; that's not the way, 'tis this:
Thy hopes, instructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near than I;
My floor is not so flat, so fine,
And has more obvious rubs than thine:
'Tis true; my way is hard and strait,
And leads me through a thorny gate:
Whose rankling pricks are sharp and fell;
The common way to heav'n's by hell:
'Tis true; thy path is short and fair,
And free from rubs: Ah! fool, beware,
The safest road's not always ev'n;
The way to hell's a seeming heav'n:
Think'st thou the crown of glory's had
With idle ease, fond Cyprian lad?
Think'st thou, that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and shadow-short'ning nights,
Soft knees, full bags and beds of down,
Are proper prologues to a crown?
Or can'st thou hope to come and view,
Like prosp'rous *Cesar*, and subdue?
The bond-slave usurer will trudge,
In spite of gout's will turn a drudge,
And serve his soul-condemning purse,
T'increase it with the widow's curse:

And shall the crown of glory stand
 Not worth the waving of an hand?
 The fleshly wanton to obtain
 His minute-lust, will count it gain
 To lose his freedom, his estate,
 Upon so dear, so sweet a rate
 Shall pleasures thus be priz'd, and must
 Heav'n's palm be cheaper than a lust?
 The true-bred spark, to hoise his name
 Upon the waxen wings of fame,
 Will fight undaunted in a flood
 That's rais'd with brackish drops and blood.
 And shall the promis'd crown of life
 Be thought a toy, not worth a strife?
 An easie good brings easie gains;
 But things of price are bought with pains:
 The pleasing way is not the right:
 He that would conquer heav'n must fight.

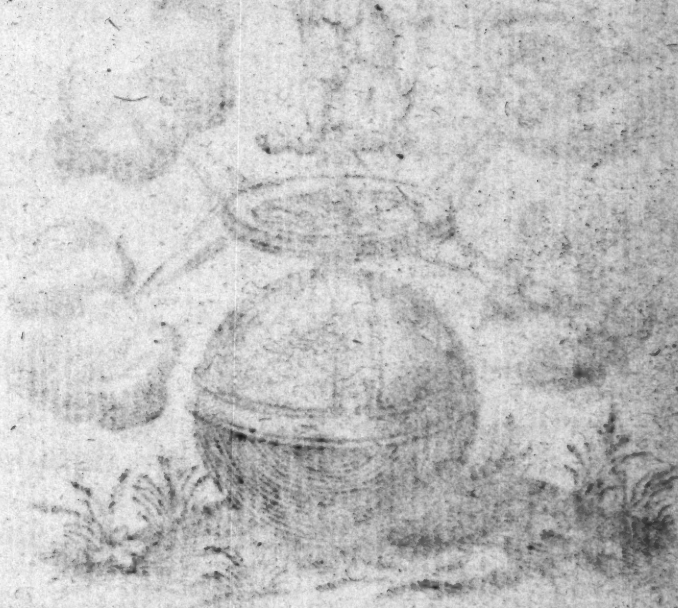
S. HIERON.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.



EPIG. II.

*O Cupid, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this crown were counterfeit:
The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.*

XII.



In cruce stat securus amor.

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XII.

GALLAT. 6. 14.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,
 And fix my rambling love?
 Can my affections find out nothing best,
 But still and still remove?
 Has earth no mercy? will no ark of rest
 Receive my restless dove?
 Is there no good, than which there's nothing high'r,
 To bless my full desire
 With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er expire?
 I wanted wealth; and at my dear request,
 Earth lent a quick supply;
 I wanted mirth to charm my fullen breast;
 And who more brisk than I?
 I wanted fame to glorify the rest;
 My fame flew eagle high:
 My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,
 Wealth vanish'd like a shade;
 My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

The world's an ocean, hurried to and fro
 With ev'ry blast of passion:

Her

Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,
 Are tides of man's vexation :
 They alter daily, and they daily grow
 The worse by alteration :
 The earth's a cask full-runn'd, yet wanting measure
 Her precious wine is pleasure ;
 Her yeast is honour's puff ; her lees are worldly treasure

My trust is in the cross : let beauty flag
 Her loose, her wanton sail ;
 Let count'nance-guilding honour cease to brag
 In courtly terms, and vail ;
 Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
 Her base, though golden, tail ;
 False beauties conquest is but real loss,
 And wealth but golden dross ;
 Best honour's but a blast : my trust is in the cross.

My trust is in the cross ; there lies my rest :
 My fast, my sole delight :
 Let cold-mouth'd *Boreas*, or the hot-mouth'd *East*,
 Blow till they burst with spight ;
 Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
 And join their twisted might ;
 Let show'rs of thunder-bolts dart down and wound me
 And troops of fiends surround me
 All this may well confront ; all this shall ne'er confound

S. AUGUST.

Christ's cross is the christ-cross of all our happiness; it delivers us from all blindness of error, and enriches our darkness with light; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest; it bringeth strangers to God's acquaintance; it maketh remote foreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de Resur.

We find glory in the cross; to us that are saved, it is the power of God, and the fulness of all virtues.



EPIG. 12.

*Follow'd rest; rest fled and soon forsook me:
Ran from grief; grief ran and overtook me.
What shall I do? lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be crost.*

F

XIII.



Post Vulnera Dæmon

112

What shall I do? I feel I be too much roll
 I want from grief; grief ran and overlook me
 Follow'd; roll; roll; roll and soon look me
 Lord, let me be cross'd, let me be cross'd

XIII.

PROV. 26. 11.

*As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool
returneth to his folly.*

O I am wounded! and my wounds do smart
Beyond my patience or great *Chiron's* art;
I yield, I yield the day, the palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true, thy shaft's more fierce, than mine.
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
To send more darts? the first has done the deed.
Oft have we struggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with death, has struck my conscience dead.
But must I die? ah me! if that were all,
Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But something whispers in my dying ear,
There is an after-day; which day I fear.

The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,
Discharg'd perchance with greater ease than made;
But if that pale-fac'd Serjeant make arrest,
Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least
Is more than all this lower world can bail)
Be entred, and condemn me to the Jail
Of *Syagian* darkness, bound in red-hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worse than *Tityan* pains.
Farewel my vain, farewell my loose delights;
Farewel my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;

'Twas you betray'd me first, and when ye found
 My sole advantage, gave my soul the wound :
 Farewel my bullion gods, whose sov'reign looks
 So often catch'd me with their golden hooks :
 Go seek another slave ; ye must all go ;
 I cannot serve my God and bullion too.
 Farewel false honour ; you whose airy wings
 Did mount my soul above the thrones of kings ;
 Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in disdain,
 Nipt my green buds ; then kick'd me down again :
 Farewel my bow ; farewel my *Cyprian* quiver ;
 Farewel dear world, farewel dear world for ever.
 O, but this most delicious world, how sweet
 Her pleasures relish ! ah ! how jump they meet
 The grasping soul, and with their sprightly fire,
 Revive and raise, and rowze the wrapt desire !
 For ever ? O, to part so long ! what, never
 Meet more ? another year, and then for ever :
 Too quick resolves do resolution wrong ;
 What, part so soon, to be divorc'd so long ?
 Things to be done, are long to be debated ;
 Heav'n's not decay'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. de util. agen. poen.

Go up, my soul, into the tribunal of thy conscience: there set thy guilty self before thy self: hide not thy self behind thy self, lest God bring thee forth before thy self.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

In vain is that washing, where the next sin defileth: he hath ill repented, whose sins are repeated: that stomach is the worse for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.



EPIG. 13.

*Brain-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart,
As it has prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had sav'd thee.*

XIV.



Post lapsum fortius esto.

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XIV.

PROV. 24. 16.

A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again; but the wicked shall fall into mischief.

TIs but a foil at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:

My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript,
Just as I slip't:

My wanton weakness did her self betray
With too much play:

I was too bold; he never yet stood sure,
That stands secure:

Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length?

The title's craz'd, the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

Boast not thy skill, the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:

There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones:

What if he staggers? nay, put case he be
Foil'd on his knee?

That very knee will bend to heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.

The true-bred Gamester ups a fresh, and then
Falls to't agen;

Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

XIX

Boast not thy conquest; thou that ev'ry hour
 Fall'st ten times low'r;
 Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
 To fall more base:
 Thou wallow'st where I slip; and thou dost tumble
 Where I but stumble:
 Thou glory'st in thy slav'ries dirty badges,
 And fall'st for wages:
 Sour grief and sad repentance scours and clears
 My stains with tears:
 Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure;
 But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

4

Lord, what a nothing is this little span;
 We call a Man!
 What fenny trash maintains the smothering fires
 Of his desires!
 How slight and short are his resolves at longest!
 How weak at strongest!
 O, if a sinner held by that fast hand,
 Can hardly stand,
 Good God! in what a desp'rate case are they,
 That have no stay?
 Man's state implies a necessary curse; (worse.
 When not himself, he's mad; when most himself, he's

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad vincula.

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell; insomuch that he found more grace than he lost grace.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no such hainous matter to fall afflicted, as being down to lie dejected. It is no danger for a Soldier to receive a wound in battel, but after the wound received, through despair of recovery to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded champions wear the palm at last, and after fight, crown'd with victory.



EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, Cupid, his mischance doth show
Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost always do:
Brag not too soon; has thy prevailing hand
Soil'd him? ah fool, th' hast taught him how to stand.

2 AMBROSIO 2. r. ad vincula.
XV.



Putet æther; claudunt oebi.

EMIG. 14
 I triumph not, Capid, his mischance hath now
 Thy trident, dash once, what thou dost always do
 Hath not too soon; hastily prevailing hand
 Hath a hint of foot, to that might he now to stand.

XV.

JER. 32. 40.

*I will put fear in their hearts, that they shall
not depart from me.*

SO, now the soul's sublim'd; her four desires
Are recalcin'd in heav'n's well temper'd fires;
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossy nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breaths new breath;
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death;
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts each house he views, his own;
Makes ev'ry purse his chequer; and at pleasure,
Walks forth and taxes all the world like *Cesar*;
At length by vertue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand;
Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is taxed in a manuscript of blood;
Thus past from town to town; until he come
A sore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontroul'd removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old worn pleasures to new choice delights,
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, but his gracious God,
And lash'd from sins to sighs; and by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees to a true pensive breast;
From thence to torments not by tongue express;

Returns; and (from his sinful self exil'd)
 Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
 O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
 In secret raptures; pants to be dissolv'd:
 The royal off-spring of a second birth,
 Sets ope to heav'n, and shuts the door to earth:
 If love-sick *Jove* commanded clouds should hap
 To rain such show'rs as quicken'd *Danae's* lap:
 Or dogs (far kinder than their purple master)
 Should lick his sores, he laughs, nor weeps the faster.
 If earth (heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray;
 To heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay:
 If earth present delights, it scorns to draw,
 But like the jet unrub'd, disdains that straw.
 No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
 No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it;
 No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it;
 No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it;
 No sloth besots it, and no lust enthralls it;
 No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it:
 It is a cark'net of immortal life;
 An ark of peace; the lists of sacred strife;
 A purer piece of endless transitory;
 A shrine of grace, a little throne of glory:
 A heav'n-born off-spring of a new-born birth;
 An earthly heav'n; an ounce of heav'nly earth.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. de Spir. & Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility sub-
jecteth, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth,
where perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where
devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turneth it self (if carefully)
it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose
God, in those very things we shall find God: it shall find the
heat of his power in consideration of those things, in the love
of which things he was most cold, and by what things it fell
perverted, by those things it is raised converted.



EPIG. 15.

My heart! but wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

2-AUGUST 1954



Lord all my desire is before the
and my groaning is not hid from thee.

Joseph Haydn
1777
THE
THIRD BOOK.

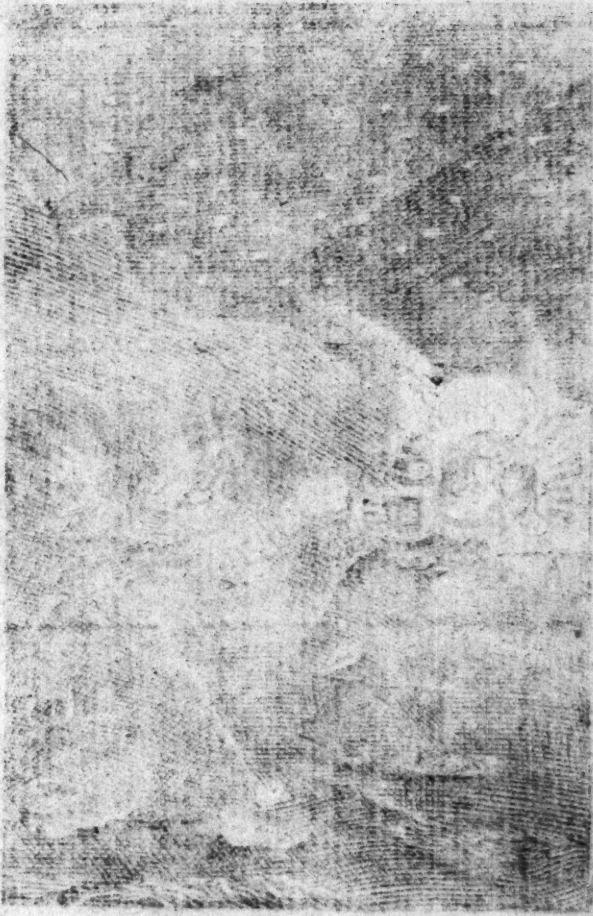
The Entertainment.

ALL you whose better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn
The world's base trash, whose necks disdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whose chaste ear
No wanton songs of Sirens can surprize
With false delight; whose more than eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and not daze;
Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny
The loose suggestions of the flesh, draw nigh:

And you whose am'rous, whose select desires
Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,
Which (like the rising sun) put out the light
Of *Venus*' star, and turn her day to night;
You that would love, and have your passions crown'd
With greater happiness than can be found
In your own wishes; you that would affect
Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect
Shall wound your tortur'd souls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulness cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear
Unflames your courage in pursuit, draw near,
Shake hands with earth, and let your soul respect
Her joys no further, than her joys reflect
Upon her maker's glory; if thou swim
In wealth, see him in all; see all in him:

Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small cruse spent?
 See him in want: enjoy him in content:
 Conceiv'st him lodg'd in cross, or lost in pain?
 In pray'r and patience find him out again:
 Make heav'n thy Mistress, let no change remove
 Thy loyal heart, be fond, be sick of love:
 What, if he stop his ear, or knit his brow?
 At length he'll be as fond, as sick as thou:
 Dart up thy soul in groans: thy secret groan
 Shall pierce his ear, shall pierce his ear alone:
 Dart up thy soul in vows: thy sacred vow
 Shall find him out, where heav'n alone shall know:
 Dart up thy soul in sighs: thy whispering sigh
 Shall rouse his ears, and fear no list'ner nigh:
 Send up thy groans, thy sighs, thy closet-vow; (thou.
 There's none, there's none shall know but heav'n and
 Groans fresh'd with vows, and vows made salt with tears,
 Unscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd ears:
 Shoot up the bosom-shafts of thy desire,
 Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire;
 And they will hit: fear not, where heav'n bids come,
 Heav'n's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.

I.



Mr. John Smith's portrait in his study.

I.



My Soul hath desired thee in the night

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Esay. 26

I.

ISAIAH 26. 6.

My soul hath desired thee in the night.

GOOD God? what horrid darkness doth surround
 My groping soul! how are my senses bound
 In utter shades, and muffled from the light,
 Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
 The bold-fac'd lamp of heav'n can set and rise;
 And with his morning glory fill the eyes
 Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
 Can chase the shadows and restore the day:
 Night's bashful empress, though she often wain,
 As oft repeats her darkness, primes again;
 And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
 Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.
 But ah! my sun, deep swallow'd in his fall,
 Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
 My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
 Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.
 Falls have their risings, wainings have their primes,
 And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times:
 Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their springs:
 All states have changes hurried with the swings
 Of chance and time, still riding to and fro:
 Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
 How often have I vainly grop'd about,
 With lengthen'd arms to find a passage out,
 That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
 And bathe my soul in those celestial fires!
 Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew,
 To scour her downy robes, and to renew

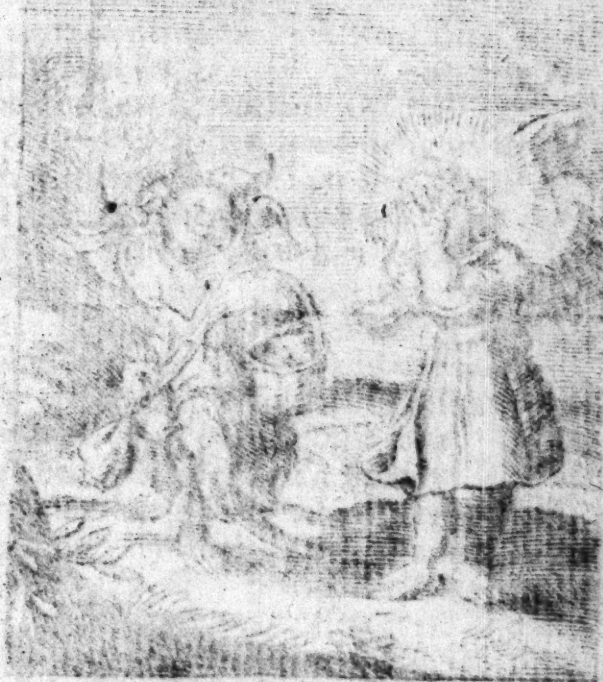
Her

Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook
 The tim'rous mallard at the sliding brook,
 Jets oft from perch to perch; from stock to ground;
 From ground to window; thus surveying round
 Her dove-befeather'd prison, till at length
 (Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
 Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
 Nips off her jangling jesses, strives to break
 Her gingling fetters, and begins to bate
 At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate:
 Ev'n so my weary soul, that long has been
 An inmate in this tenement of sin,
 Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
 My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
 Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart
 Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art
 The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
 These dusky clouds that make so dark a night:
 Shine forth, great glory, shine; that I may see
 Both how to loath my self, and honour thee:
 But if my weakness force thee to deny
 Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
 If I must want those beams, I wish; yet grant,
 That I, at least, may wish those beams, I want.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 33.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes,
 that I could not see the sun of justice and the light of
 truth: I being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness:
 I loved my darkness, because I knew not thy light: I was
 blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness
 to darkness: but, Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me
 from darkness and the shadow of death; hast called me into
 his glorious light, and behold, I see.



EPIG. 1.

My soul, cheer up; what if the night be long?
 Heav'n finds an ear when sinners find a tongue;
 Thy tears are morning show'rs: heav'n bid me say,
 When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.



O Lord thou knowest my foolishness and my
Sins are not hid from thee Ps: 69. 5.

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EPIG.

My soul, cheer up; what if the night be long;
Heav'n finds an ear when silence had a tongue;
The tears are morning show'rs; heav'n did me lay;
When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.

PSALM 69. 3.

*O Lord, thou knowest my foolishness, and my
sins are not hid from thee.*

See'st thou this fulsom ideot? in what measure
He seems transported with the antick pleasure
Of childish baubles? Can'st thou but admire
The empty fulness of his vain desire?
Can'st thou conceive such poor delights as these
Can fill th' insatiate soul of man; or please
The fond aspect of his deluded eye?
Reader, such very fools are thou and I:
False puffs of honour; the deceitful streams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleasure, are our traffick, and ensnare
Our souls, the threefold subject of our care;
We toil for trash, we barter solid joys
For airy trifles, sell our heav'n for toys:
We catch at barley-grains, whilst pearls stand by
Despis'd; such very fools are thou and I.
Aim'st thou at honour? does not th' ideot shake it
In his left hand? fond man, step forth and take it:
Or would'st thou wealth? see now the fool presents thee
With a full basket, if such wealth contents thee:
Would'st thou take pleasure? if the fool unstride
His prauncing stallion, thou may'st up and ride:
Fond man, such is the pleasure, wealth, and honour
The earth affords such fools, as doat upon her;
Such is the game whereat earth's ideots fly;
Such ideots, ah! such fools are thou and I:

Had rebel man's fool-hardiness extended
 No farther than himself, and there had ended,
 It had been just ; but thus enrag'd to fly
 Upon th' eternal eyes of majesty,
 And drag the son of glory from the breast
 Of his indulgent father ; to arrest
 His great and sacred person ; in disgrace
 To spit and spawl upon his sun-bright face ;
 To taunt him with base terms, and being bound
 To scourge his soft, his trembling sides ; to wound
 His head with thorns ; his heart with humane fears ;
 His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears ;
 And then to paddle in the purer stream
 Of his spilt blood, is more than most extream :
 Great builder of mankind, can'st thou propound
 All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
 Thy handy-work ? O ! can'st thou chuse but see,
 That mad'st the tie ? can ought be hid from thee ?
 Thou seest our persons, Lord, and not our guilt ;
 Thou seest not what thou may'st, but what thou wilt :
 The hand that form'd us is forc'd to be,
 A screen set up betwixt thy work and thee :
 Look, look upon that hand, and thou shalt spie
 An open wound, a through-fare for thine eye ;
 Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be
 Deny'd between thy gracious eye and me,
 Yet view the scar ; that scar will countermand
 Thy wrath : O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRY.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. in Joan.

*Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want all things :
they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most
miserable; neither do they understand that they are deluded
by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.*

S. GREG. in Mor.

*By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much
we strive to seem outwardly wise.*

EPIG. 2.

*Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Control'd thy God, and crucify'd his Son?
How sweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee! (thou)
Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood has sav'd*

III.



Have mercy on me O Lord for I am weak
 O Lord heale me for my bones are vexed. Ps: 62.

III.

PSALM 6. 2.

*Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak;
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.*

Soul.

Jesur.

Soul. A H! son of *David*, help: *Jes.* What sinful cry
Implores the Son of *David*? *Soul.* It is I.

Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh! a deeply wounded breast
That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.

Jes. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed,
Like household children, with the childrens bread.

Soul. True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crums: O son of *David*, help.

Jes. Poor soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I fry,
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly.

To find some ease; I turn my blubber'd face
From man to man; I rowl from place to place
To avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,

But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:

My mid-night torments call the sluggish light,

And when the morning's come, they woo the night.

Jes. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires. *(Sings.)*

So. Quench, quench my flames, & swage those scorching

Jes. Canst thou believe, my hand can cure thy grief?

Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.

Jes. Hold forth thine arm and let my fingers try

Thy pulse; where chiefly doth thy torment lie?

Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,

But plays the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jes. Can'st thou digest, can'st relish wholesome food?
How stands thy taste? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All sinful trash, and earth's unsav'ry stuff
I can digest, and relish well enough.

Jesus. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?

Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns.

Jesus. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall
With eating fruit. *Jes.* 'Tis epidemical:
Thy blood's infected, and th' infection sprung
From a bad liver: 'tis a fever strong
And full of death, unless, with present speed,
A vein be open'd: thou must die, or bleed.

Soul. O I am faint and spent: that lance that shall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal:
My soul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, than (being spent so far) to bleed:
I faint already, if I bleed, I die.

Jes. 'Tis either you must bleed, sick soul, or I:
My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins,
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
Than these: cheer up; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine.
Believe, and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

S. AUGUST.

Can
The
Stra
To

S. AUGUST. lib. 10. Confess.

Lord, be merciful unto me: ah me! behold, I hide not my wounds: thou art a physician, and I am sick; thou art merciful, and I am miserable.

S. GREG. in Pastoral.

O wisdom, with how sweet an art doth thy wine and oil restore health to my healthless soul! how powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! powerful for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

Can'st thou be sick, and such a doctor by?
 Thou can'st not live, unless thy doctor die:
 Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
 To 'swage her pains, but the physician's blood!

IV.



*Look upon my affliction, and misery
and forgive me all my sins*

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IV.

PSAL. 25. 18.

*Look upon my affliction and my pain, and
forgive all my sins.*

BOth work and strokes? both lash and labour too?
What more could *Edom*, or proud *Asbur* do?
Stripes after stripes; and blows succeeding blows!
Lord, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no ease? no intermission?
Is this the state, is this the sad condition
Of those that trust thee? will thy goodness please
T' allow no other favours? none but these?
Will not the rhet'rick of my torments move?
Are these the symptoms, these the signs of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
The toilsome task of thy laborious will?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My sin without th' addition of a scourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it rains
Sad show'rs of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains:
Behold these ridges, see what purple furrows
Thy plow has made; O think upon those sorrows
That once were thine; O wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy by the charms of sweat and blood?
Can'st thou forget that drowsy mount wherein
Thy dull disciples slept? was not my sin
There punish'd in thy soul? did not this brow
Then sweat in thine? were not those drops enow?
Remember *Golgotha*, where that spring-tide
O'erflow'd thy sov'reign sacramental side:

There was no sin, there was no guilt in thee,
That caus'd those pains; thou sweat'st, thou bled'st for me.
Was there not blood enough, when one small drop
Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop
The mouth of justice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can justice challenge more?
Or dost thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy losses from my sides? my blood is thin,
And thy free bounty scorns such easy thrift;
No, no, thy blood came not as love but gift.
But must I ever grind? and must I earn
Nothing but stripes? O wilt thou disalt
The rest thou gav'st? hast thou perus'd the curse
Thou laid'st on *Adam's* fall, and made it worse?
Can'st thou repent of mercy? heav'n thought good
Lost man should feed in sweat; not work in blood:
Why dost thou wound th' already wounded breast?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at best:
I am but dying dust: my day's a span;
What pleasure tak'st thou in the blood of man?
Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere:
Send fewer strokes, or lend more strength to bear.

S. BERN. Hom. 81. in Cant.

Miserable man! who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man; free, because a man; miserable, because a servant: in regard of my bondage, miserable; in regard of my will, inexcusable: for my will, that was free, beslaved it self to sin, by assenting to sin; for he that commiteth sin, is the servant to sin.

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God: thine own defaults did urge
This two-fold punishment; the mill, the scourge.
Thy sin's the author of thy self-tormenting:
Thou grind'st for sinning; scourg'd for not repenting.

V.



*Remember I beseech thee that thou hast
made me as the Clay. Wilt thou bring
me into dust again. Job. 10. 9. 144.*

V.

JOB 10. 9.

Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to dust again?

THus from the bosom of the new-made earth
 Poor man was delv'd and had his unborn birth;
 The same the stuff, the self-same hand doth trim
 The plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him:
 One was their fire, one was their common mother,
 Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother,
 The elder too; beasts draw the self-same breath,
 Wax old alike, and die the self-same death:
 Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd:
 Alike they flourish, and alike they fade:
 The beast in sense exceeds him, and in growth,
 The three-ag'd oak doth thrice exceed them both:
 Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span
 Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
 I, but my great creator did inspire
 My chosen earth, with the diviner fire
 Of reason; gave me judgment and a will;
 That, to-know good; this, to choose good from ill:
 He puts the reins of pow'r in my free hand,
 A jurisdiction over sea and land,
 He gave me art to lengthen out my span
 Of life, and made me all, in being man:
 I, but thy passion has committed treason
 Against the sacred person of thy reason:
 Thy judgment is corrupt, perverse thy will;
 That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:

The

The greater height sends down the deeper fall;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worst of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatness claim the more in being man?
O but my soul transcends the pitch of nature,
Born up by th' image of her high creator;
Out-braves the life of reason, and bears down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.
My heart's a living temple t'entertain
The king of glory, and his glorious train:
How can I mend my title then? where can
Ambition find a higher style than man?
Ah! but that image is defac'd and soild;
Her temple's raz'd, her altars all defil'd;
Her vessels are polluted and distain'd
With loathed lust, her ornaments prophan'd;
Her oil-forsaken lamps, and hallow'd tapers
Put out; her incense breaths unsav'ry vapours:
Why swell'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
Eternal potter, whose blest hands did lay
My coarse foundation from a sod of clay,
Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak;
Thou know'st my brittle temper's prone to break;
Are my bones brazil, or my flesh of oak?
O, mend what thou hast made, what I have broke:
Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madest me, without whom nothing was made: thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things subsist, because thou madest me: I thank thee, O my potter, because thy hands have made me, because thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

*Why swell'st thou, man, puffed up with fame and purse?
Th'art better earth, but born to dig the worse:
Thou cam'st from earth, to earth thou must return,
And art but earth cast from the womb to th'urn.*

VI.



*What shall I do unto thee. o thou
preserver of men. why hast thou set
me as a marke against thee. Job. 7. 20*

VI.

JOB 7. 20.

*I have sinned: what shall I do unto thee,
O thou preserver of men? why dost thou
set me as a mark against thee?*

Lord, I have done; and, Lord, I have misdane;
'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one
That is too strong; 'tis folly to assail
Or prove an arm, that will, that must, prevail.
I've done, I've done; these trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:
Forbear to strike where thou hast won the field;
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
These treach'rous hands that were so vainly bold
To try a thriveless combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her guardless guard, doth now repent
Upon this naked floor; see both are bent,
And sue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and desperate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears: it doth begin
To stink without, and putrify within.
Let that victorious hand that now appears
Just in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great preserver of presumptuous man,
What shall I do? what satisfaction can
Poor dust and ashes make? O if that blood
That yet remains unshed, were half as good
As blood of oxen, if my death might be
An off'ring to atone my God and me,

I would disdain injurious life, and stand
A suitor to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
Of life, or balanc'd with the blood of man?
No, no, eternal sin expects for guerdon,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that soul, which base presumption binds;
Thy justice cannot loose what mercy finds:
O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if thy peevish infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mother's eyes,
Her frowns (half mix'd with smiles) may chance to shew
An angry love-trick on his arm, or so;
Where, if the babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaks his dewy cheeks; her babe she blisses,
And choaks her language with a thousand kisses;
I am that child; lo, here I prostrate lie,
Pleading for mercy; I repent and cry
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear:
Then calm thine anger, and appear more mild;
Remember, th'art a father, I a child.

S. B. E. R. I. N.

S. BERN. Ser. 21. in Cant.

Miserable man! who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man: free, because like to God; miserable, because against God: O keeper of mankind, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee? thou hast set me, because thou hast not hindered me: It is just that thy enemy should be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, should repugn me: I who am against thee, am against my self.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight! but born, and then rebel!
How small a blast will make a bubble swell?
But dares the floor affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is dust to fly in's face that made it.

VII.



Wherefore hidest thou thy face, &
holdest mee for thine Enemy? Job: 13. 24

VII.

JOB 13. 24.

*Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest
me for thine enemy?*

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sun-shine of thy soul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my life, my way, my light, in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my way;
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious sight,
Mine eyes are darken'd with perpetual night.
My God, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander, if thou flee:
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see;
To whom, or whither should my darkness flee,
But to the light? and who's that light but thee?

My path is lost, my wand'ring steps do stray;
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay;
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

O, I am dead: to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair? to whom shall my sad ashes fly,
But life? and where is life but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fly'st me;
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me;
Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or only try'st me?

Unscreen those heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou shad'st thy face? perhaps thou think'st no eye
Can view those flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth and draw thee nigh'r;
Let me behold and die, for my desire
Is, *Phoenix*-like, to perish in that fire.

Death-conquer'd *Lazarus* was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, Lord, set death's pris'ner free;
Art I more spent, or stink I worse than he?

If my puff life be out, give leave to tine
My shameless snuff at that bright lamp of thine;
O what's thy light the less for light'ning mine?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, shall a lamb of *Isr'els* sheep-fold stray?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye;
The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose thy sun-beams, close thy wings and stay;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Why dost thou hide thy face? happily thou wilt say, none can see thy face and live: ah! Lord, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

ANSELM. Med. cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! my God, thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire! thou hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker; thou delay'st to give, that thou may'st teach me to importune; seem'st not to hear, to make me persevere.

EPIG. 7.

*If heav'n's all-quick'ning eyes vouchsafe to shine
Upon our souls, we slight; if not, we whine:
Our equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the tropicks of that eye.*

VIII.



O that my Head were waters, and
mine eyes a fountaine of teares :

141.9.1

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EPIC 7

if heav'n's all quick'ning eyes vouchsafe to shine
Upon our souls, we light; if not, we wander
Our equivoical hearts can never be
Secure, beneath the trophicks of the eye.

VIII.

JER. 9. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes
a fountain of tears, that I might weep day
and night.

O That mine eyes were springs, and could transform
Their drops to seas; my sighs into a storm
Of zeal, and sacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring vessel, laden with her sin,
Might suffer sudden shipwreck, and be split
Upon that rock, where my drench'd soul may sit,
O'erwhelm'd with plenteous passion: O, and there
Drop, drop, into an everlasting tear!
Ah me! that ev'ry sliding vein that wanders
Through this vast isle, did work her wild meanders
In brackish tears instead of blood, and swell
This flesh with holy dropfies, from whose well,
Made warm with sighs, may fume my wasting breath,
Whilst I dissolve in steams, and reek to death!
These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes
Are much too streight for those quick springs that rise,
And hourly fill my temples to the top;
I cannot shed for ev'ry sin a drop;
Great builder of mankind, why hast thou sent,
Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent?
O that this flesh had been compos'd of snow,
Instead of earth; and bones of ice, that so,

Feeling the fervor of my sin ; and loathing
 The fire I feel, I might have thaw'd to nothing !
 O thou that didst, with hopeful joy, entomb
 Me thrice three Moons in thy laborious womb,
 And then, with joyful pain, brought'st forth a son,
 What worth thy labour has thy labour done ?
 What was there, ah ! what was there in my birth
 That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth ?
 A man was born : alas ! and what's a man ?
 A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span
 Of sitting time ; a furnish'd pack, whose wares
 Are sullen griefs, and soul-tormenting cares :
 A vial of tears, a vessel tunn'd with breath,
 By sickness broacht, to be drawn out by death :
 A hapless helpless thing, that born does cry
 To feed, that feeds to live, that lives to die.
 Great God and Man, whose eye spent drops so often
 For me that cannot weep enough ; O soften
 These marble brains, and strike this flinty rock ;
 Or, if the musick of thy *Peter's* cock
 Will more prevail, fill, fill my heart'ning ears
 With that sweet sound, that I may melt in tears !
 I cannot weep until thou broach mine eye ;
 O give me vent, or else I burst, and die.

AMBR OS

S. AMBROS. in Psal. 118.

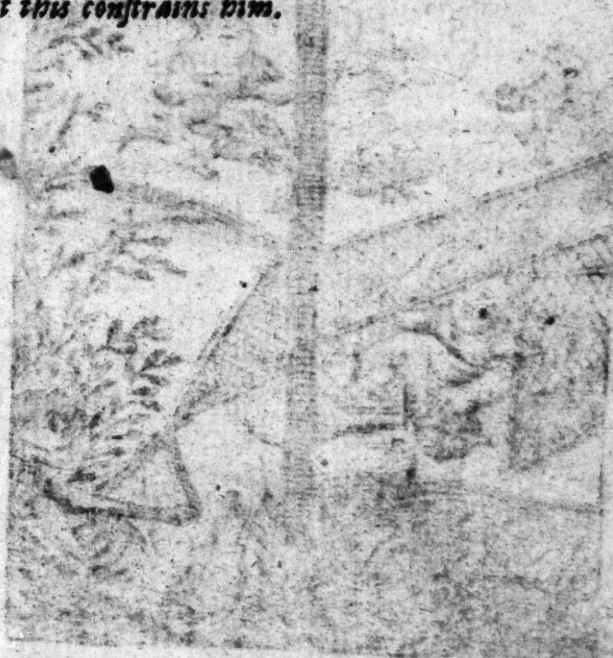
He that commits sins to be wept for, cannot weep for sins committed; and being himself most lamentable, hath no tears to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Tears are the deluge of sin, and the world's sacrifice.

S. HIERON. in Esaiam.

Prayer appeases God, but a tear compels him: That moves him, but this constrains him.



EPIG. 8.

Earth is an island ported round with fears;
Thy way to heav'n is through the sea of tears.
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wrack of many a ship, but no man drown'd.

H

IX.



The sorrowes of hell haue encompasſed me
the ſnares of death haue overtaken me pſa: 17

IX.

PSALM 18. 5.

*The sorrows of hell compassed me about, and
the snares of death prevented me.*

IS not this type well cut, in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? fil'd with Zennian art?
Are not the hunters, and their Stygian hounds
Limn'd; full to th' life? didst ever hear the sounds
Of musick, and the lip-dividing breaths
Of the strong-winded horn, reheats, and deaths,
Done more exact? th' infernal Nimrods hollow?
The lawless purlieus? and the game they follow?
The hidden engines, and the snares that lie
So undiscover'd, so obscure to th' eye?
The new-drawn net, and her intangled prey?
And him that closes it? Beholder, say,
Is't not well done? seems not an em'ulous strife
Betwixt the rare-cut picture and the life?
These purlieu-men are devils; and the hounds,
(Those quick-nos'd canibals, that scour the grounds)
Temptations; and the game, the fiends pursue,
Are humane souls, which still they have in view;
Whose fury if they chance to scape, by flying
The skilful hunter plants his net, close lying
On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure,
Ambitious honour, and self-wasting pleasure:
Where, if the soul but stoop, death stands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drown the souls ensnar'd.

Poor soul! how art thou hurried to and fro?
Where canst thou safely stay? where safely go?
If stay; these hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee:
If go; the snares enclose, the nets ensnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r t'invite thee
A willing guest? wherein can earth delight thee?
Her pleasures are but itch; her wealth, but cares:
A world of dangers, and a world of snares:
The close pursuers busie hands do plant
Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; snares in thy disgrace;
Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base;
Snares tuck thy bed; and snares surround thy board;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy resolves, snares in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without,
Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath,
Snares in thy sickness, snares are in thy death:
O! if these purlieus be so full of danger,
Great God of hearts, the world's sole sov'reign ranger,
Preserve thy deer, and let my soul be blest
In thy safe forest, where I seek for rest:
Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill,
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. lib. 4. in cap. 4. in Luc.

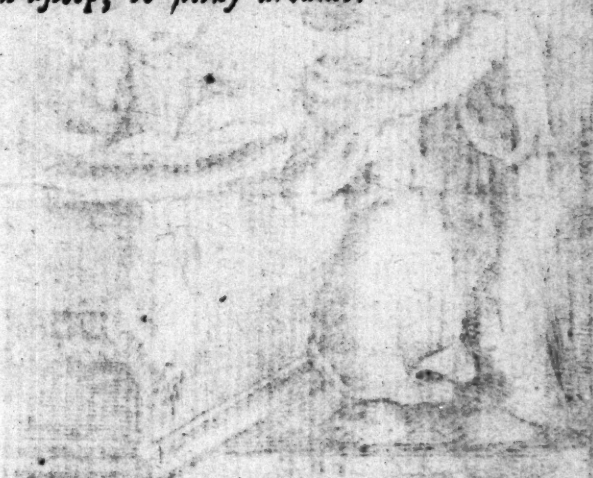
The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot, are the snares of the devil.

S. AMBROS. de bono mortis.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares, for the eye of the harlot is the snare of the adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating he sets before us gluttony; in generation luxury; in labour, sluggishness; in conversing, envy; in governing covetousness; in correcting, anger; in honour, pride: in the heart, he sets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions, evil works; when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when asleep, to filthy dreams.



EPIG. 9.

Be sad, my heart, deep dangers wait thy mirth:
Thy soul's way-laid by sea, by hell, by earth:
Hell has her hounds; earth, snares; the sea, a shelf;
But most of all, my heart, beware thy self.

H 3

X



Enter not into judgment with thy
 servant for no man living shall be
 justified in thy sight

X.

PSALM. 143. 2.

*Enter not into judgment with thy servant,
for in thy sight shall no man living be
justified.*

Jesur. Justice. Sinner.

Jes. **B**Ring forth the pris'ner, Justice. *Ju.* Thy com-
mands
Are done, just judge: See here the pris'ner stands.

Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's the cause
Of his commitment? *Just.* He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

Jes. How know'st thou this? *Ju.* Ev'n by his own con-
fession:
His sins are crying; and they cry'd aloud: (fession:
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood.

Jes. What say'st thou sinner? hast thou ought to plead,
That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,
And shew thy braz'n, thy rebellious face.

Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other shrift
Than mine own conscience; Lord, I must confess,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me; Ah! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause:

Just. Lord, shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice, Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say? (stay:

Sin. Vile as I am, and of my self abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Scampt with thy glorious image, and at first
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst,
Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Just.* Thy fault's the greater
Lord, shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice, stay:
Speak sinner; hast thou nothing else to say?

Sin. Nothing but *mercy, mercy*, Lord; my state
Is miserably poor and desperate;
I quite renounce my self, the world, and flee
From Lord to *Jesus*, from thy self to thee.

Just. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd;
Abused mercy must have blood for blood:
Shall I yet strike the blow? *Jes.* Stay, Justice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch; methinks, I spie,
My father's Image in the pris'ner's eye.

Just. I cannot hold. *Jes.* Then turn thy thirsty blade
Into my sides, let there the wound be made:
Chear up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.

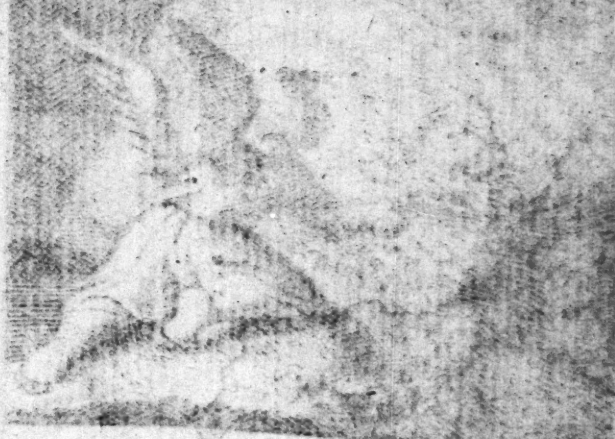
Sin. O groundless deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies to set th' offender free.

S. AUGUST.

Lord, If I have done that, for which thou mayest damn me; thou hast not lost that, whereby thou mayest save me: remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: forget the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have respect to what thy son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against thee: my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy: It is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my redeemer hath merited.



EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my advocate, is now my judge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but one.

H 5

XI.



Let not the water flood overflow me
neither let the deep swallow me up

Ps 69:15

XI.

PSAL. 69. 15.

*Let not the water-floods overflow me, neither
let the deeps swallow me up.*

THe world's a sea; my flesh a ship that's mann'd
With lab'ring thoughts, and steer'd by reason's hand:
My heart's the sea-man's card, whereby she sails;
My loose affections are the greater sails:
The top-sail is my fancy, and the gulls
That fill these wanton sheers, are worldly lusts.
Pray'r is the cable, at whose end appears
The anchor hope, ne'er slip'd but in our fears:
My will's th' unconstant pilot, that commands
The stagg'ring keel; my sins are like the sands:
Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye
The pump unus'd (but in extremes) and dry:
My conscience is the plummet that does press
The deeps, but seldom cries, *O fathom less*:
Smooth calm's security; the gulf, despair;
My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare:
My soul's the passenger, confus'dly driv'n
From fear to fright; her landing port is heav'n.
My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak;
My failers rude; my steers-man faint and weak:
My canvass torn, it flaps from side to side;
My cable's crackr, my anchor's slightly ry'd;
My pilot's craz'd; my shipwrack-lands are cloak'd;
My bucket's broken, and my pump is choak'd;
My calm's deceitful; and my gulf too near;
My wares are slubber'd, and my fare's too dear:
My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound;
O, shall my rock bethreaten'd soul be drown'd?

Lord

Lord, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm;
Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm:
Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails,
Send stiffer courage or send milder gales;
Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster;
Direct my pilot, and be thou his master;
Object the sands to my more serious view,
Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew:
New-cast my plummet, make it apt to try
Where the rocks lurk, and where the quick-sands lie;
Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care;
Cleanse thou my freight; accept my slender fare;
Refresh the sea-sick passenger; cut short
His voyage; land him in his wished port:
Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,
That through the deep gav'st grumbling *Isr'el* way,
Say to my soul, be safe; and then mine eye
Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by.
O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish
Thy sinking *Peter*, at the point to perish,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will save.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. Apol. post. pro David. Cap. 3.

The confluence of lust makes a great tempest, which in this sea disturbeth the sea-faring soul, that reason cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 35.

We labour in the boisterous sea; thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.



→ EPIG. 11.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
In these false coasts; O keep aloof; there's danger:
Cast forth thy plummet; see a rock appears;
Thy ship wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.



O that thou wouldst protect me in the
grave and hideme untill thy fury be
past. Job 34.

XII.

JOB 14. 13.

*O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that
thou wouldst keep me in secret until thy
wrath be past!*

O Whither shall I flee? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? If the springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What, if some solid rock should entertain
My frightened soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split;
The shield will cleave; the frightened shadows flit;
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit,

No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's ev'ry where?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy shew
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false;
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls;
Poor cots are ev'n as safe as princes halls.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my God, by thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand
All tortures, but my conscience and thy hand.

I know thy justice is thy self; I know,
Just God, thy very self is mercy too;
If not to thee, where, whither shall I go?

Then work thy will; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be
Stretcht out no further than from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 33.

Whither stie I? to what place can I safely fly? to what mountain? to what den? to what strong house? what castle shall I hold? what walls shall hold me? whithersoever I go, my self followeth me: For whatsoever thou stiest, O man, thou may'st, but thy own conscience: wheresoever, O Lord, I go, I find thee; if angry, a revenger; if appeased, a redeemer: what way have I, but to stie from thee to thee: that thou may'st avoid thy God, address to thy Lord.



EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? can thy fears command
No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'st thou not where to 'scape? I'll tell thee where;
My soul, make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.

XIII.



*Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let me
alone that I may bewaile me a hile, Job. 30. 20*

P. 176

XIII.

JOB. 10. 20.

*Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me
alone, that I may bewail my self a little.*

MY glass is half unspent; forbear t'arrest
My thriftless day too soon: my poor request
Is that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; see, see how swift they run:
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My foll'wing eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With child-hood, man-hood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to day
Wears her green plush, and is to morrow hay.

And what's a life? A blast sustain'd with cloathing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile self-loathing,
Then weary of it self, a gain to nothing.

Read

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day; hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lillies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial night will blind too soon;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit! how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while
The time away, or safely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a smile.

No, no: 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantick mirth, I beg but hours, not years:
And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led;
That Seed has yet not broke my serpent's head;
O shall I die before my sins are dead?

Behold these rags; am I a fitting guest
To taste the dainties of thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest?

First, let the *Jordan* streams, that find supplies
From the deep fountain of my heart, arise;
And cleanse my spots, and clear my lep'rous eyes.

I have a world of sins to be lamented;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented:
O spare till then; and then I die contented.

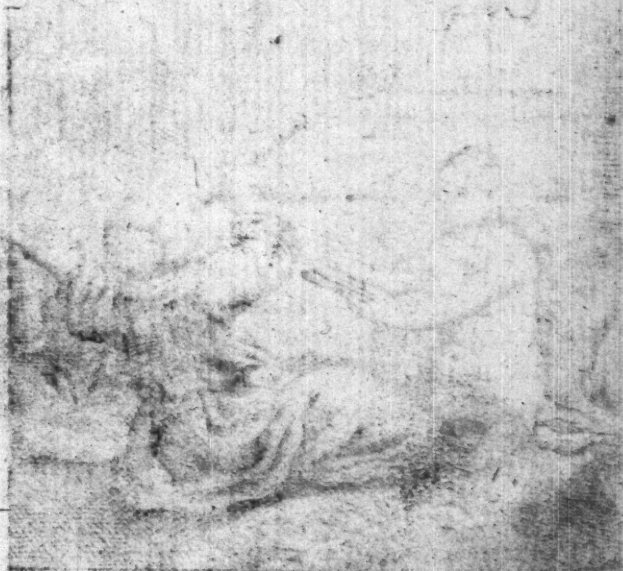
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. 10.

The time wherein we live, is taken from the space of our life; and what remaineth, is daily made less and less, insomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.

S. GREG. lib. 9. cap. 44. in Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, so immoderate take away tears; insomuch that sorrow becometh no sorrow, which swallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the sense of the affliction.



EPIG. 13.

Fear'st thou to go, when such an arm invites thee?
Dread'st thou thy loads of sin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins:
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy sins?

XIV.



*Oh that they were wise, then they would under-
stand this; They would consider their latter end
Deuteron. 32*

XIV.

DEUT. 32. 29.

O that men were wise, that they understood
this, that they would consider their latter
end.

Flesh! Spirit.

Fl. **W**Hat means my sister's eye so oft to pass
Through the long entry of that optick glass?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?

Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; it draws the objects near.

Fl. What sense-delighting objects dost thou spie?
What doth that glass present before thine eye?

Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim death, even standing at the Glasses end:
His left hand holds a branch of palm; his right
Holds forth a two edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight.
And is this all? doth thy prospective please
Th' abused fancie with no shapes but these?

Sp. Yes, I behold the darken'd sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of heav'n
Swelt ring in flames; the angel-guarded son
Of glory on his high tribunal-throne;
I see a brimstone sea of boiling fire,
And fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.
Look, sister, how the queazy-stomach'd graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves

Scald

Scald their consumeless bodies, strongly cursing
 All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing.
Fl. Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight
 In view of tortures? these are shows t'affright:
 Look in this glass triangular; look here,
 Here's that will ravish eyes. *Sp.* What seest thou there?
Fl. The world in colours; colours that distain
 The cheeks of *Proserpine* or the filken train
 Of *Flora's* Nymphs; such various sorts of hew,
 As sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
 Here, if thou please to beautifie a town,
 Thou may'st; or with a hand, turn't upside down;
 Here may'st thou scant or widen by the measure
 Of thine own will; make short or long at pleasure:
 Here may'st thou tire thy fancy, and advise
 With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.
Sp. Ah fool! that doat'st on vain, on present toys,
 And disrespe&'st those true, those future joys:
 How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas!
 To doat on goods that perish with thy glass!
 Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand:
 Were they but painted colours, it might stand
 With painted reason that they might devote thee;
 But things that have no being to besot thee?
 Foresight of future torments is the way
 To baulk those ills which present joys bewray.
 As thou hast fool'd thy self, so now come hither,
 Break that fond glass, and let's be wise together.

S. BONAVENT. de contemptu seculi.

O that men would be wise, understand, and foresee. Be wise, to know three things, the multitude of those that are to be damned; the few number of those that are to be saved; and the vanity of transitory things: understand three things, the multitude of sins, the omission of good things, and the loss of time: foresee three things, the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment.

EPIG. 14.

What, soul, no further yet? what, ne'er commence
 Master in faith? still batchelour of sense?
 Is't insufficiency? or what has made thee
 O'erstep thy lost degree? thy lusts have staid thee.

XV.



*My life is spent with grief and:
my yearar with fighting Ps: 30: 10:*

XV.

PSALM 30. 10.

*My life is spent with grief, and my years with
sighing.*

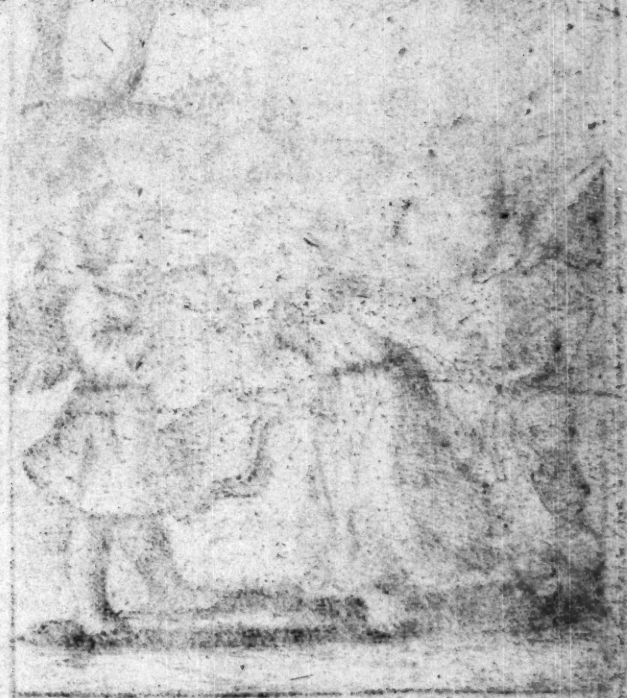
WHat sullen star rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of mirth?
How oft have these bare knees been bent to gain
The slender alms of one poor smile in vain?
How often, tir'd with the fastidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the shades of night?
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For ling'ring twilight, glutted with the shade?
Day worse than night, night worse than day appears,
In fears I spend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpity'd, groan without relief,
There is no end nor measure of my grief.
The smiling flow'r salutes the day; it grows
Untouch'd with care; it neither spins nor sows:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour:
Why was I born? why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by so large a span;
Or why suspended by the common lot,
And being born to die why die I not?
Ah me! Why is my sorrow-wasted breath
Deny'd the easy privilege of death?
The branded slave, that tugs the weary oar,
Obtains the sabbath of a welcome shore?
His ransom'd stripes are heal'd; his native soil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:

But ah! my sorrows are not half so blest;
 My labour finds no point, my pains no rest:
 I barter sighs for tears, and tears for groans,
 Still vainly rolling *Sisyphæan* stones.
 Thou just observer of our flying hours,
 That with thy adamantyne fangs, devours
 The brazen mon'uments of renowned kings,
 Doth thy glass stand? or be thy moulting wings
 Unapt to fly? if not, why dost thou spare
 A willing breast; a breast that stands so fair?
 A dying breast, that hath but only breath
 To beg a wound, and strength to crave a death?
 O that the pleased heav'ns would once dissolve
 These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve
 My hamper'd soul; then would my soul be blest
 From all those ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest:
 Till then, my days are months, my months are years,
 My years are ages to be spent in tears!
 My grief's entail'd upon my wasteful breath,
 Which no recovery can cut off but death,
 Breath drawn in cottages, puff'd out in moans,
 Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail my miserable ingress of man's condition; the sinful progress of man's conversation, the damnable egress in man's dissolution? I will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: alas! he is formed of earth, conceived in sin, born to punishment: he doth evil things which are not lawful; he doth filthy things, which are not decent; he doth vain things, which are not expedient.



EPIG. 15.

My heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears
A secret date; the use is groans and tears:
Plead not; usurious nature will have all,
As well the int'rest as the principal.



My soule hath coveted to desire thy
judgments. psal. 119. 188

Joseph Maylin
1721-189

THE

FOURTH BOOK.

I.

ROM. 7. 23.

*I see another law in my members warring a-
gainst the law of my mind, and bringing
me into captivity to the law of sin.*

O How my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary!
I know not where to fix, sometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, dislike; lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet still do what I should not.
And at the self same instant will the thing I would not.

2

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppress'd
With th' earth-bread winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourly tost from east to west
Upon the rowling streams of good and ill:
Thus am I driv'n upon the slipp'ry fuds
From real ills to false apparent goods
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of ebbs and floods.

3

The curious penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage
Calbiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;
Ev'n so my pregnant soul in th' infant bud
Of her best thoughts showr's down a cold-black flood
Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good.

I 3

Some-

Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat
 Warms my chill soul, and sets my thoughts in frame;
 But soon that fire is shoulder'd from her seat
 By lustful *Cupid's* much inferiour flame.
 I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
 Thus are the mungrel thoughts of mixt desire,
 Consum'd between that heavenly and this earthly fire.

Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts out-pass
 The common period of terrene conceit;
 O then, methinks I scorn the thing I was,
 Whilst I stand ravish'd at my new estate.
 But when th' *Icarian* wings of my desire
 Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
 O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

I know the nature of my way'ring mind;
 I know the frailty of my fleshly will;
 My passion's eagle-ey'd; my judgment blind;
 I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
 When th' ostrich wings of my desires shall be
 So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,
 Yet grant my soul desire, but of desiring thee.

S. BERN, Med. 9:

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and instable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting divine counsel cannot subsist in it self; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, findeth none, but remaineth miserable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with it self; it dissenteth from it self; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: it willetth and willetth not; and never remaineth in the same state.

S. AUGUST. de verb. apost.

When it would, it cannot; because when it might, it would not: therefore by an evil will man lost his good power.



EPIG 1.

*My soul, how are thy thoughts disturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt-depending cause
Can ne'er expect one verdict 'twixt two laws.*

S. T. R. A. T. E. M.

II



Oh that my wayes were directed to!
 keep thy Statutes. psal. 119.

My soul bow down before the Lord, and I will praise him, because he hath delivered me from all mine iniquities. His mercies are towards me, and he will deliver me from all mine iniquities. Can we expect one vessel to be made of two kinds of wood?

II.

PSALM 119. 5.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

THUS I, the object of the world's disdain,
With pilgrim pace surround the weary earth :
I only relish what the world counts vain ;
Her mirth's my grief ; her sullen grief, my mirth ;
Her light my darkness ; and her truth my error.
Her freedom is my goal ; and her delight my terror.

Fond earth ! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay ; let not my thoughts deceive thee ;
Thou art my prison, and my home's above ;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee :
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee :
With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without thee.

The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuons ways
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders :
No resting here ; he's hurried back that stays
A thought ; and he that goes unguided wanders :
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n ;
So hard's the way from earth ; so hard's the way to heav'n.

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond deserier ;
Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.
Where

Where shall I seek a guide? where shall I meet
 Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
 What trusty lantern will direct my feet
 To scape the danger of these dang'rous places?
 What hopes have I to pass without a guide?
 Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

An unrequested star did gently slide
 Before the wise men to a greater light;
 Back-sliding *Isr'l* found a double guide;
 A pillar and a cloud; by day, by night:
 Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be far
 More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor star.

O that the pinions of a clipping dove
 Would cut my passage through the empty air;
 Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above
 The reach of danger and forgotten care!
 My backward eyes should ne'er commit that fault,
 Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of salt.

Great God, that art the flowing spring of light,
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:
 Thou art my path; direct my steps aright;
 I have no other light, no other way:
 I'll trust my God, and him alone pursue;
 His law shall be my path; his heavenly light, my clue.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUSTIN Soliloq. cap. 4.

O Lord ; who art the light, the way, the truth, the life ;
 in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity nor death : the
 light, without which there is darkness ; the way, without
 which there is wandering ; the truth, without which there is
 error ; the life, without which there is death : say, Lord,
 let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschew darkness ;
 I shall see the way, and avoid wandering ; I shall see the truth,
 and shun error ; I shall see life, and escape death : illuminate,
 O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness, and
 the shadow of death ; and direct my feet in the way of peace.



EPIGRAM

Pilgrim trudge on : what makes thy soul complain,
 Crowns thy complaint ; the way to rest is pain :
 The road to resolution lies by doubt :
 The next way home's the farthest way about.

III.



*Stay my stepps in thy Pathes that
my feet do not slide. Ps. 119. 105.*

Righting ridge on: what makes any toll or
Grows thy compass; the way to rest is pain:
The road to resolution lies by darkness:
The next way home's the faithful way about.

III.

PSALM 17: 5.

Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do not slide.

WHen ee'r the old exchange of profit rings
Her silver saints-bell of uncertain gains;
My merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings;
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are so strong, that I,
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to flie.

If time-beguiling pleasure but advance
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms
O how my sportful soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that fire in her twined arms!
The sprightly voice of sinew-strength'ning pleasure
Can lend my bed-rid soul, both legs and leisure.

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
With flat ring warmth, and flash of courtly fire,
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains:
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges
Of complement, and scrue a thousand cringes.

But when I come to thee, my God, that art
The royal mine of everlasting treasure,
The real honour of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
I have no wings to flie, nor legs to go.

I I

So when the streams of swift-foot *Rhene* convey
 Her upland riches to the *Belgick* shore,
 The idle vessel slides the wat'ry way,
 Without the blast or tug, of wind, or oar:
 Her slipp'ry keel divides the silver foam
 With ease; so facile is the way from home.

But when the home-bound vessel turns her sails
 Against the breast of the resisting stream,
 O then she flugs; nor sail, nor oar prevails;
 The stream is sturdy, and her tide's extreme
 Each stroke is loss, and ev'ry tug is vain:
 A boat-length's purchase is a league of pain.

Great all in all, that art my rest, my home;
 My way is tedious and my steps are slow:
 Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come:
 I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
 Conjoyn thy sweet commands to my desire,
 And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST.

I have no wings to rise, nor legs to go:
 How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!

S. AUGUST. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apost.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not : for where thou hast pleased thy self, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest : always add, always walk, always proceed ; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate : he that standeth still proceedeth not ; he goeth back that continueth not ; he deviateth, that revolteth ; he goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my soul, to lose for want of cunning ;
Weep not ; heav'n is not always got by running :
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow ;
True love will creep not having strength to go.

IV.



*My flesh trembleth for feare of thee & I am
afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps. 119. 120.*

IV.

PSALM 119. 120.

*My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am
afraid of thy judgments.*

LEt others boast of luck, and go their ways
With their fair game; know vengeance seldom plays
To be too forward, but doth wisely frame
Her backward tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed tables are made fair,
That she be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee; wins the game; perchance the set:
If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame.
If left-hand fortune give thee left-hand chances
Be wisely patient; let not envious glances
Repine to view thy gamesters heap so fair;
The hindmost hound oft takes the doubling hare.
The world's great dice are false; sometimes they go
Extreamly high, sometimes extreamly low:
Of all her gamesters he that plays the least,
Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best:
The way to win, is to play fair, and swear
Thy self a servant to the crown of fear:

Fear

Fear is the primer of a gamester's skill:
 Who fears not bad stands most unarm'd to ill.
 The ill that's wisely fear'd, is half withstood;
 And fear of bad is the best foil to good.
 True fear's the *Elixir*, which in days of old
 Turn'd leaden crosses into crowns of gold:
 The world's the tables; stakes, eternal life;
 The gamesters, heav'n and I; unequal strife!
 My fortunes are the dice whereby I frame
 My indisposed life: this, life's the game;
 My sins are several blots; the lookers on
 Are angels; and in death the game is done.
 Lord, I'm a bungler, and my game doth grow
 Still more and more unthap'd; my dice run low:
 The stakes are great; my chancel's blots are many;
 And yet thou possessest by and hit't not any:
 Thou art too strong; and I have none to guide me
 With the least jog; the lookers on deride me:
 It is a conquest undeserving thee,
 To win a stake from such a worm as me:
 I have no more to lose; if we persevere,
 'Tis lost: and that once lost I'm lost for ever.
 Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe;
 And I will ply my game with greater fear;
 O give me fear, ere fear has past her date:
 Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 54. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God not otherwise, but to fear: happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received grace, a greater fear for lost grace, a greatest fear to recover grace.

S. AUGUST. super Psal.

Present fear begetteth eternal security: fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.



EPIG. 4.

Lord, shall we grumble, when thy flames do scourge us?
 Our sins breath fire; that fire returns to purge us.
 Lord, what an alchymist art thou, whose skill
 Transmutes to perfect good from perfect ill!

V.



Turne away myne eyes least they behold
 vanity psal: 118: 204

EPIC

Lord, that we glimpse, when thy face do appear
 Our hearts desire thee; that we are to pursue
 Lord, what an alchymist art thou, when thou
 Transmutest to perfect good from perfect ill!

V.

PSALM 119. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanity.

HOW like the threds of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax,
My soul dissolves before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
And how th' eternal law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again
With griping int'rest of the next day's sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! how apt to range!
How apt to vary! apt to change!

How intricate and nice
Is man's perplexed way to man's desire;
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extream and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

The

V

The common food he doth
Sustain his soul-tormenting thoughts withal,
Is honey in his mouth
To night, and in his heart to morrow gally,
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very sweet and very four.

6

If sweet *Corinna* smile,
A heav'n of joys breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frown a while,
Hell's torments are but copies of his smart.
Within a lustful heart doth dwell
A seeming heav'n, a very hell.

7

Thus worthless, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earth's employment,
Which ere they be enjoy'd
Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;
These be the pleasures that are priz'd,
When heav'n's cheap pen' worth stands despis'd.

8

Lord, quench these hasty flames
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And ev'ry minute dashes
Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, close the casement, whilst I stand
Behind the curtain of thy hand.

AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 4.

O thou son, that illuminatest both heaven and earth! wo be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: wo be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee: wo be unto those which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: wo be unto those that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. sup. Mat. 19.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good?

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God! to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still;
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with thee,
Or none can pass betwixt mine eye and me.

K

VI.



*If I have found favour in thy sight let, my
life be given me at my petition. Ester. 7. 3*

VI.

ESTHER 7. 3.

*If I have found favour in thy sight, and if
it please the king, let my life be given me
at my petition.*

THOU art the great *Ahasuerus*, whose command
Doth stretch from pole to pole; the world's thy
Rebellious *Vashti's* the corrupted will; lustful (land)
Which being call'd, refuses to fulfil thy just
Thy just command; *Esther*, whose tears condole
The razed City, 's the regen'rate soul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace
With nuptial honours in stout *Vashti's* place:
Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Haman's* glory, is the fleshly part;
The sober eunuch, that recall'd to mind
The new-built gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
Is lustful-thought-controlling chastity;
Insulting *Haman* is that fleshly lust
Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must
Triumph in pride, and study how to tread
On *Mordecai*, till royal *Esther* plead.

Great king, thy sent-for *Vashti* will not come;
O let the oil o'th' blessed virgin's womb,
Cleanse my poor *Esther*; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy beam of honour
So scour her captive stains, that she may prove
An holy object of thy heav'nly love:

Anoint her with the spikenard of thy graces,
 Then try the sweetness of her chaste embraces:
 Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
 And set thy royal crown upon her head;
 If then ambitious *Haman* chance to spend
 His spleen on *Mordecai*, that scorns to bend
 The wilful stiffness of his stubborn knee,
 Or basely crouch to any Lord but thee;
 If weeping *Esther* should prefer a groan
 Before the high tribunal of thy throne,
 Hold forth thy golden sceptre, and afford
 The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
 And let thy royal *Esther* be possess'd
 Of half thy kingdom, at her dear request:
 Curb lustful *Haman*, him that would disgrace,
 Nay, ravish thy fair queen before thy face:
 And as proud *Haman* was himself ensnar'd
 On that self-gibbet that himself prepar'd;
 So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,
 On that dear cross that mine own lusts have built.

S. AUGUST

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S. AUGUST. in Ep.

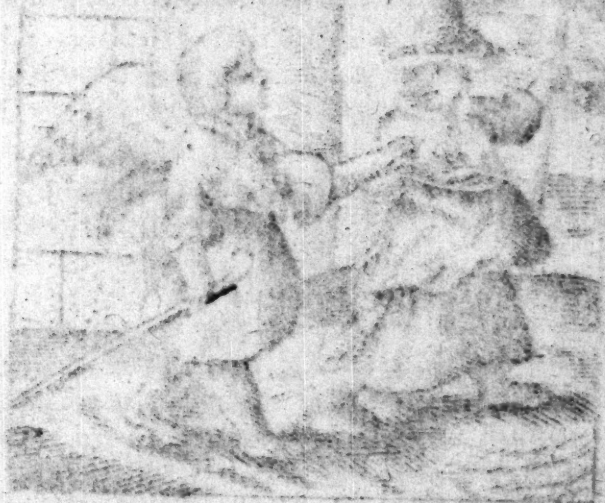
O holy spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do : counsel me, that I may love thee ; confirm me, that I may hold thee ; conserve me, that I may not lose thee.

S. AUGUST. sup. Joan.

The spirit lusts where the flesh resteth : for as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the spirit is refreshed with fear.

Ibidem.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit ? then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou may'st govern.



EPIG. 7.

Of mercy and justice is thy kingdom built ;
This plagues my sin, and that removes my guilt ;
When-e'er I sue, *Ahasuerus*-like, decline
Thy sceptre ; Lord, say, half my kingdom's thine.

VII.



Come my beloved let us goe forth into
the fields, let us remaine in the
Villages Cant. 2. 7. 11. 212

VII.

CANTICLES 7. II.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, and let us remain in the villages.

1

*Christ.**Soul.*

Chr. **C**OME, come, my dear, and let us both retire,
 And whiff the dainties of the fragrant field:
 Where warb'ling *Phil'mel*, and the shrill-mouth'd quire
 Chaunt forth their raptures; where the turtle builds
 Her lovely nest; and where the new-born brier
 Breaths forth the sweetness that her *April* yields:
 Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
 These rural delicacies; where thou and I
 May melt in private flames, and fear no stander by.

2

Soul. My heart's eternal joy, in lieu of whom
 The earth's a blast, and all the world's a bubble;
 Our city-mansion is the fairest home,
 But country sweets are ting'd with lesser trouble:
 Let's try them both, and chuse the better; come;
 A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double;
 On thy commands depends my go or tarry,
 I'll stir with *Martha*, or I'll stay with *Mary*:
 Our hearts are firmly fixt, although our pleasures vary.

3

Chr. Our country-mansion (situate on high)
 With various objects, still renews delight ;
 Her arched roof's of unstain'd ivory ;
 Her walls of fiery-sparkling chrysolite ;
 Her pavement is of hardest porphyry ;
 Her spacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
 And flaming carbuncles ; no need require
 Titan's faint rays, or Vulcan's feeble fire ;
 And ev'ry gate's a pearl ; and ev'ry pearl entire.

4

Soul. Fool that I was ! how were my thoughts deceiv'd !
 How falsely was my fond conceit possess'd !
 I took it for an hermitage, but pav'd
 And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thatcht at
 Alas ! I ne'er expected more nor crav'd ; (best.
 A turtle hop'd but for a turtle's nest :
 Come, come, my dear, and let no idle stay
 Neglect th' advantage of the head-strong day ;
 How pleasure grates, that feels the curb of full delay !

5

Chr. Come then, my joy ; let our divided paces
 Conduct us to our fairest territory ;
 O there we'll twine our souls in sweet embraces ;
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my passions' story :
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces ;
Soul. And all these graces shall reflect thy glory :
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celestial Manna ;
 I'll be thy *Elkanah*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hannah*.
C. I'll sound my trump of joy. *S.* And I'll resound *Hosannah*.

S. BERN.

O blessed contemplation! the death of vices, and the life of virtues! thee the law and the prophets admire: who ever attained perfection, if not by thee! O blessed solitude, the magazine of celestial treasure! by thee things earthly, and transitory, are changed into heavenly and eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that congregation, where Martha still complaineth of Mary.



EPIG. 7.

Mechanick soul, thou must not only do
With Martha, but with Mary ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;
But most, when Martha's reconcil'd to Mary.

VIII.



*Draw me we will run after thee because
of the savour of thy good Oynments.*
Cant. 1:3.

216

EPIC.

Meekness thou, thou must not only do
With Meekness, but with many ponderous;
Happy, that thou'st where thou'st thy sister's way;
But most, when Meekness's reason's to May.

4.

VIII.

CANTICLES I. 4.

*Draw me; we will follow after thee by the
savour of thy good ointments.*

THus, like a lump of the corrupted mass,
I lie secure, long lost before I was:
And like a block, beneath whose burthen lies
That undiscover'd worm that never dies,
I have no will to rouse, I have no power to rise.

Can stinking *Lazarus* compound or strive
With death's entangling fetters, and revive?

Or can the water-buried axe implore
A hand to raise it, or it self restore,
And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot shore?

So hard's the task for sinful flesh and blood
To lend the smallest step to what is good.

My God! I cannot move the least degree;
Ah! if, but only those that active be,
None should thy glory see, none should thy glory see.

But if the potter please to inform the clay,
Or some strong hand remove the block away.

Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher;
That proves a vessel; which before was mire;
And this, being hewn, may serve for better use than fire.

And

And if that life-restoring voice command
 Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great prophet's hand
 Should charm the fullen waters, and begin
 To beckon, or to dart a stick but in,
 Dead *Laz'rus* must revive, and th' axe must float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
 To hear thy voice, or echo to thy call;
 The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
 Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets invite me;
 They neither can direct, nor these at all delight me.

See how my sin-bemangled body lies,
 Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise!
 Shine home upon thy creature, and inspire
 My lifeless will with thy regen'rate fire;
 The first degree to do, is only to desire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;
 O raise me up, and I will strive to go:
 Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
 That have no pow'r but meerly to resist;
 O lend me strength to do, and then command thy list!

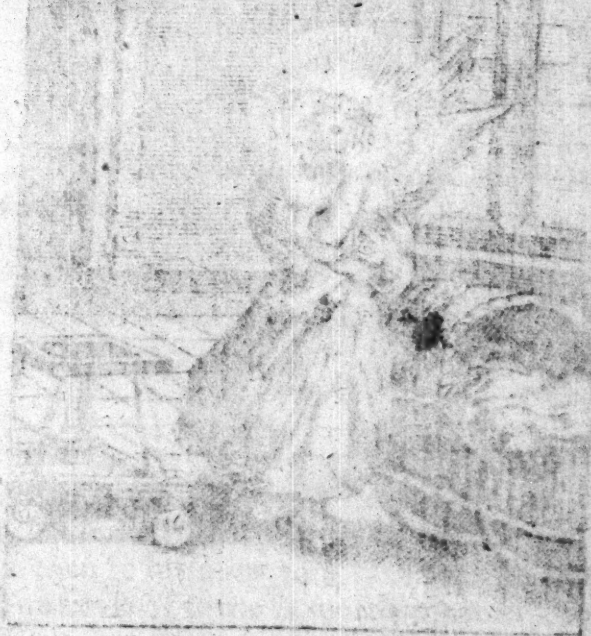
My soul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
 And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
 Of eating rust) want vigour to fulfil;
 Her twelve hours task, and shew her maker's skill,
 But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work, and therefore good,
 If thou be pleas'd to cleanse it with thy blood,
 And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,
 Her busy wheels shall serve thee all her days; (praise.
 Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike thy

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Serm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run but in the savour of thy ointment,
 not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatness of our
 strength: we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies,
 for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that will-
 eth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth mercy.
 O let thy mercy return, and we will run: thou, like a Giant,
 runnest by thy own power; we, unless thy ointment breath up-
 on us, cannot run.



EPIG. 8.

Look not, my watch, being once repair'd, to stand
 Expecting motion from thy maker's hand.
 He 'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy cogs with blood:
 If now thy wheels stand still, thou art not good.

IX.



*O that thou wert as my Brother, that
Sucked the Breasts of my Mother. Cant: 8*

216.

IX.

CANTICLES 8. 1.

O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked
the breasts of my mother; when I should
find thee without, I would kiss thee.

Come, come, my blessed infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my sacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms shall then secure thee
From Herod's fury, or the high-priest's harms:
Or if thy danger'd life sustain a loss,
My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.

But ah! what savage tyrant can behold
The beauty of so sweet a face as this is,
And not himself be by himself controul'd,
And change his fury to a thousand kisses?
One smile of thine is worth more mines of treasure
Than there were myriads in the days of Cesar.

O had the retrarch, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy stock, he had not thought to paddle
In thy dear blood; but prostrate on the earth,
Had vail'd his crown before thy royal cradle,
And laid the sceptre of his glory down,
And beg'd a heav'nly for an earthly crown.

Illustrious

4

Illustrious babe! how is thy handmaid grac'd
 With a rich armful! how dost thou decline
 Thy majesty, that wert so late embrac'd
 In thy great Father's arms, and now in mine!
 How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh
 Me with thy spirit, and assume my flesh!

But must the treason of a traitor's hail
 Abuse the sweetness of these ruby lips?
 Shall marble-hearted cruelty assail
 These alabaster sides with knotted whips?
 And must these smiling roses entertain
 The blows of scorn, and flurts of base disdain?
 Ah! must these dainty little springs that twine
 So fast about thy neck, be pierc'd and torn
 With ragged nails? and must these brows resign
 Their crown of glory for a crown of thorn?
 Ah! must the blessed infant taste the pain
 Of death's injurious pangs; nay, worse, be slain?

Sweet babe! at what dear rates do wretched I
 Commit a sin! Lord, ev'ry sin's a dart;
 And ev'ry trespass lets a jav'lin fly;
 And ev'ry jav'lin wounds thy bleeding heart:
 Pardon, sweet babe, what I have done amiss;
 And seal that granted pardon with a kiss.

S. BONA.

S. BONAVENT. Soliloqu. cap. 1.

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attraction so virtuous: for when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee, I am a virgin: O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction polluteth not, but sanctifieth: O Jesu, the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed so late, that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.



EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greatest: let not *Atlas* boast:
 Impartial reader, judge which bears the most:
 He bears but heav'n, my folded arms sustain
 Heav'n's maker, whom heav'n's heav'n cannot contain.

X.



By night on my bed I sought him whom my
Soul loveth: I sought him but I found him not.
Cant: 3:1.

224.

X.

CANTICLES 3. 1.

*In my bed by night I sought him that my
soul loveth; I sought him, but I found
him not.*

THe learned *Cynick* having lost the way
To honest men, did in the height of day,
By taper-light divide his steps about
The peopled streets to find this dainty out;
But fail'd: the *Cynick* search'd not where he ought;
The thing he sought for, was not where he sought.
The wise-men's task seem'd harder to be done,
The wise-men did by star-light seek the sun,
And found: the wise-men search'd it where they ought;
The thing they hop'd to find was where they sought.
One seeks his wishes where he should; but then
Perchance he seeks not as he should, nor when.
Another searches when he should; but there
He fails; not seeking as he should, nor where.
Whose soul desires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, must seek where, as, and when he should.
How often have my wild affections led
My wasted soul to this my widow'd bed,
To seek my lover, whom my soul desires?
(I speak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine;
My flames are full of heav'n, and all divine)
How often have I sought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this lesser light?

How

How oft have my unwitness'd groans lamented
Thy dearest absence! ah! how often vented
The bitter tempests of despairing breath,
And tost my soul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of silent tears (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woo thy absent ear!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear.
O is thy wonted love become so cold?
Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they should?
Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where?
I see my error, 'tis not strange I could not
Find out my love: I sought him where I should not.
Thou art not found in downy beds of ease;
Alas! thy musick strikes on harder keys:
Nor art thou found by that false feeble light
Of nature's candle; our *Egyptian* night
Is more than common darkness; nor can we
Expect a morning but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loss,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy shameful cross:
If thou refuse, to share a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll share a cross with thee.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. 1.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? if every where, why do I not see thee present? thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? or how shall I have access to light inaccessible? I beseech thee, Lord, teach me to seek thee, and shew thy self to the seeker; because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me; nor find thee, unless thou shew thy self to me: let me seek thee in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee: let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.



EPIG. 10.

Where shoul'd thou seek for rest, but in thy bed?
 But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is fled:
 'Tis vain to seek him there: my soul, be wise;
 Go ask thy sins, they'll tell thee where he lies.

XI.



*I will rise now, and goe about the City in the streets
and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul
loareth I sought him but found him not. Cant 3. 2
228.*

XI.

CANTICLES 3. 2.

*I will rise, and go about the city, and will
seek him that my soul loveth: I sought
him, but I found him not.*

O How my disappointed soul's perplex! (breast!
How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossly vex
With fears! and how betwixt them both distress!
What place is left unransack'd? oh! where next
Shall I go seek the author of my rest?
Of what bless'd angel shall my lips enquire
The undiscover'd way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my heart's desire?

Look how the stricken hart that wounded lies
O'er hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the foll'wing hounds;
At length, embost, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafen'd ears,
Leave me th' unransom'd pris'ner to my panick fears.

Where

3

Where have my busy eyes not pry'd? O where,
 Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded?
 I search'd this glorious city; he's not here:
 I sought the Country; the stands empty-handed;
 I search'd the court; he is a stranger there:
 I ask'd the land; he's slipp'd: the sea; he's landed:
 I climb the air, my thoughts began t'aspire;
 But ah! the wings of my too bold desire,
 Soaring too near the Sun, were findg'd with sacred fire.

4

I mov'd the merchant's ear, alas! but he
 Knew neither what I said, nor what to say:
 I ask'd the lawyer, he demands a fee,
 And then demurs me with a vain delay:
 I ask'd the schoolman, his advice was free,
 But scor'd me out too intricate a way:
 I ask'd the watch-man (best of all the four)
 Whose gentle answer could resolve no more,
 But that he lately left him at the temple-door.

Thus having sought, and made my great inquest
 In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear;
 I threw me on my bed; but ah! my rest
 Was poison'd with th'extreams of grief and fear;
 Where looking down into my troubled breast,
 The magazine of wounds, I found him there:
 Let others hunt, and shew their sportful art;
 I wish to catch the hare before the start,
 As poachers use to do; heav'n's form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. lib. 3. de Virg.

Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets: for Christ is peace, in the market are strifes: Christ is justice, in the market is iniquity: Christ is a labourer, in the market is idleness: Christ is charity, in the market is slander: Christ is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot find Christ.

S. HIEROM. Ser. 9. Ep. 22. ad Eustoch.

Jesus is jealous: he will not have thy face seen: let foolish virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy love at home.



EPIG. II.

What, lost thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the ship that moves, and not the coast;
I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.

L

S. AMBROSIO de Virg. XII.



Saw ye him whom my Soule loveth; it was but
 a little & I passed from them but I found him.
 whom my soule loveth I held him etc. Cant: 3:4

XII.

CANTICLES 3. 3. 4.

*Have you seen him whom my soul loveth?
When I had past a little from them, then
I found him, I took hold on him, and left
him not.*

WHat secret corner? what unwonted way
Has 'scap'd the ransack of my rambling thought?
The fox by night, nor the dull owl by day,
Have never search'd those places I have sought.
Whilst they lamented, absence taught my breast
The ready road to grief, without request;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.

How hath my unregarded language vented
The sad tautologies of lavish passion!
How often have I languish'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compassion!
I ask'd the city-watch, but some deny'd me: (me;
The common street, whilst others would misguide
Some would debar me; some divert me; some deride me.

Mark how the widow'd turtle, having lost
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
Hunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry shade doth part
Her absent love and her; at length, unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlasting widow-head.

4

So when my soul had progress ev'ry place,
 That love and dear affection could contrive,
 I threw me on my couch, resolv'd t' embrace
 A dearth for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
 But there injurious *Hymen* did present
 His landskip joys; my pickled eyes did vent
 Full streams of briny tears, tears never to be spent,

5

Whilst thus my sorrow-wasting soul was feeding
 Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought,
 Ev'n whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
 He that was sought, unfound, was found, unfought:
 As if the sun should dart his orb of light
 Into the secrets of the black-brow'd night:
 Ev'n so appear'd my love, my sole, my soul's, delight.

6

O how mine eyes, now ravish'd at the sight
 Of my bright sun, shot flames of equal fire!
 Ah! how my soul dissolv'd with o'er-delight,
 To re-enjoy the crown of chaste desire!
 How soon reign joy depos'd and dispossess
 Rebellious grief! and how my ravish'd breast —
 But who can express those heights, that cannot be ex-
 (press?)

7

O how these arms, these greedy arms did twine,
 And strongly twist about his yielding waist!
 The sappy branches of the *Thespian* vine,
 Ne'er cling'd their less-belov'd elm so fast;
 Boast not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd shot;
 Let *Hymen's* easy snarls be quite forgot: (knot.
 Time cannot quench our fires, nor death dissolve our

ORIG.

O R I G. Hom. 10. in divers.

O most holy Lord, and sweetest master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart, and humble spirit! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart! how happy that trust in thee! it is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee: for behold thy love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: she trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.

B E D A in cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I held him being found.



E P I G. 12.

What? found him out? let strong embraces bind him;
He'll fly perchance, where tears can never find him:
New sins will lose, what old repentance gains.
Wisdom not only gets, but got retains.

XIII.



It is good for me to draw neare to the
Lord, I have put my trust in^e Lord God.
Psal: 72: 28

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XIII.

PSALM 73. 28.

*It is good for me to draw near to God, I have
put my trust in the Lord God.*

WHere is that good, which wise-men please to call
The chiefest? doth there any such befall
Within man's reach? or is there such a good at all?

If such there be, it neither must expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing high'r:
Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.

It is the mark, to which all hearts must tend;
Can be desired for no other end,
Than for it self, on which all other goods depend.

What may this excellent be? doth it subsist
A real essence clouded in the mist
Of curious art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list?

Or is't a tart idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practick soul in ure,
Like that dear chymick dust, or puzzling quadrature?

Where shall I seek this good? where shall I find
This cath'lick pleasure, whose extreame may bind
My thoughts? and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in treasure? in full heaps untold?
Dost goury Mammon's griping hand infold
This sacred faine in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold?

No, no, she lies not there; wealth often sours
 In keeping; makes us hers, in seeming ours;
 She slides from heav'n indeed, but not in *Danae's* show'rs.

Lives she in honour? no. The royal crown
 Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
 Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.
 In pleasure? no. Pleasure begins in rage;
 Acts the fool's part on earth's uncertain stage;
 Begins the play in youth, and epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard goods; the best of these
 Torment the soul with pleasing it; and please,
 Like waters gu'p'd in fevers, with deceitful ease.

Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses;
 Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes,
 Alas! can earth confer more good than earth possesses?

Mount, mount, my soul, and let my thoughts cashier
 Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career
 At heav'n's eternal joys; stop, stop, thy courser there.

There shall thy soul possess uncared-for treasure,
 There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure:
 And blaze in honour far above the frowns of *Cæsar*.

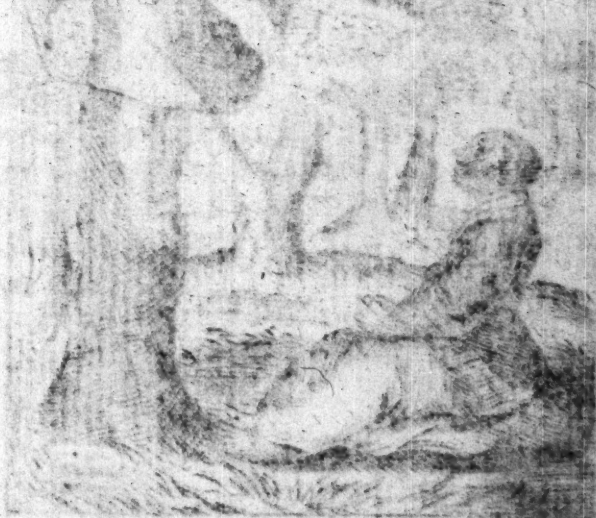
Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
 On thee, the chiefest good, no need to call
 For earth's inferiour trash; thou, thou art all in all.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 13.

I follow this thing, I pursue that, but I am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, undivided, and only good in thy self, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possest, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. 9. sup. Beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burthen of the day; let him boast of his sabbath-fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.



I have seen many who have sought for wisdom, but have not found it, because they have not sought for it with a pure heart.

EPIG. 13.

*Let Boreas' blasts, and Neptune's waves be join'd,
Thy Æolus commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the rocks or world's imperious waves;
Thou climb'st a rock, my soul, a rock that saves.*

XIV.



*I sat under the shadow of him whom I
have desired. Cant: 2.*

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EPIC.

Let barren, bluffs, and Nature's waves be joined;
The Ocean commands the waves, the wind;
Heat and the rocks or world's impetuous waves;
Thou shalt be a rock, my soul, a rock that lives.

L 2

XIV.

CANTICLES 2. 3.

*I sat under his shadow with great delight, and
his fruit was sweet to my taste.*

Look how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray
From the safe blessing of her shepherd's eyes,
Ere-soon becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd Squadron of belesg'ring flies;
Where swelter'd with the scorching beams of day,
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies away
From her own self, ev'n of her self afraid;
She shrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

Ev'n so my wand'ring soul, that hath digress'd
From her great shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my sins; these vultures in my breast
Gripe my *Promethean* heart; both night and day
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay:
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My swelt'ring soul: my soul hath oft assay'd,
Yet she can find no shroud, yet can she feel no shade?

3:

I fought the shades of mirth, to wear away
 My slow-pac'd hours of soul-consuming grief;
 I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day
 Of griping sorrows with a night's reprieve.
 I fought the shades of death; thought there t'allay
 My final torments with a full relief:
 But mirth, nor sleep, nor death, can hide my hours
 In the false shades of their deceitful bowers;
 The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

4

Where shall I turn? to whom shall I apply me?
 Are there no streams where a faint soul may wade?
 Thy God-head, Jesus, are the flames that fry me;
 Hath thy all-glorious Deity ne'er a shade,
 Where I may sit and vengeance never eye me,
 Where I might sit refresh'd or unafraid?
 Is there no comfort? is there no reflection?
 Is there no cover that will give protection
 T' a fainting soul, the subject of thy wrath's reflection?

Look up, my soul, advance the lowly stature
 Of thy sad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
 See, here's a shadow found the humane nature
 Is made th' umbrella to the Deity;
 To catch the sun-beams of thy just creator;
 Beneath this covert thou may'st safely lie
 Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree, I
 As quiet *Zacharias* did; and thou shalt see
 A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thee.
 My swelling soul: my soul hath ore-said
 Yet the can find no shadow, yet can the feel no shade.

GUIL. in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rays of the sun of justice? who shall not be consumed by his beams? therefore the sun of justice took flesh, that, through the conjunction of that sun and this humane body, a shadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap 37.

Lord, let my soul flee from the scorching thoughts of the world, under the covert of thy wings, that being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and rest.



EPIG. 14.

*Ah! treach'rous soul, would not thy pleasures give
That Lord, which made the living, leave to live?
See what thy sins have done: thy sins have made
The sun of glory now become thy shade.*

XV.



*How shall we sing the song of the
Lord in a strange Land.*

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XV.

PSALM 137. 4.

*How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a
strange land?*

URge me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: these times are not for songs.
The sprightly twang of the melodious lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unsuit
My untun'd fortunes: the affected measure
Of strains, that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure.
Musick's the child of mirth; where griefs assail
The troubled soul, both voice and fingers fail:
Let such as revel out their lavish days,
In honourable riot; that can raise
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a spirit
Of madness by the magick of delight;
Let those of Capia's hospital, that lie
Impatient patients to a smiling eye,
That cannot rest, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton smile:
Let such redeem their peace, and salve the wrongs
Of froward fortune with their frolick songs:
My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorcise.
The raven's dismal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty wolves mixt with the screech of owls,
The nine sad knolls of a dull passing bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And

And horrid out-cries of revenged crimes,
 Join'd in a medley's musick for these times;
 These are no times to touch the merry string
 Of *Orpheus*; no, these are no times to sing.
 Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have spent their souls,
 And famish'd bodies in the noisome holes
 Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
 Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes?
 Can the sad pilgrim, that hath lost his way
 In the vast desert; there condemn'd a prey
 To the wild subject, or his savage king,
 Rouze up his palsy-smitten sp'rits, and sing?
 Can I a pilgrim, and a pris'ner too,
 Alas! where I am neither known, nor know
 Ought but my torments, an unransom'd stranger
 In this strange climate, in a land of danger?
 O, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
 Thus made a pris'ner to a foreign land?
 How can my musick rellish in your ears,
 That cannot speak for joys, nor sing for tears?
 Ah! if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unspel
 My poor *Eurydice*, my soul, from hell
 Of earth's misconstru'd heav'n, O, then my breast
 Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast
 The ears of seraphims, and entertain
 Heav'n's highest Deity with their lofty strain;
 A strain well drench'd in the true *Thespian* well,
 Till then, earth's semiquaver, mirth, farewell.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues, which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity, with excessive sweetness, and unutterable exaltation! from whence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee: but we, press'd down with this burthen of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: we praise thee by faith; not face to face, but these angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.



EPIG. 15.

ST. Did I refuse to sing? said I, these times
 Were not for songs? nor musick for these climes?
 It was my error: are not groans and tears
 Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears?

2. AUGUST 1. 1650



*I charge you, o ye daughters of Ierusalem
if ye finde my be loved & you tell him & I am sicke
of love. Cant. 5. 8.*

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Joseph Maylin

THE 1772-

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FIFTH BOOK.

CANTICLES 5. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if
you find my beloved, that you tell him that
I am sick of love.

Y^e You holy virgins, that so oft surround
The city's sapphire walls, whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground,
And trace the new Jerusalem's jasper street;
Oh! you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
Of all your hopes; if e'er you chance to spy
My absent love, O tell him that I lie (eye.
Deep-wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly musick of your lover's voice;
I charge you by the solemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if ought more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joys,
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart,
And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

Tell

3.

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast
Is scorcht with flames, and how my soul is pin'd
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppress'd
With the full torments of a troubled mind ;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
But I in earnest ; tell him he's unkind.
But if a discontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accost his ears
With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in tears.

4.

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks ;
Tell him, those damask roses that did strive
With white, both fade upon my fallow cheeks ;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks ;
Thus if your piercing words should chance to bow
His heark'ning ear, and move a sigh, give o'er
To speak ; and tell him, tell him, that I could no more

5.

If your elegious breath should hap to rouse
A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny ;
Bewail the torment of his loyal spouse,
That for his sake would make a sport to die :
O blessed virgins, how my passion tires
Beneath the burthen of her fond desires !
Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never felt such fire

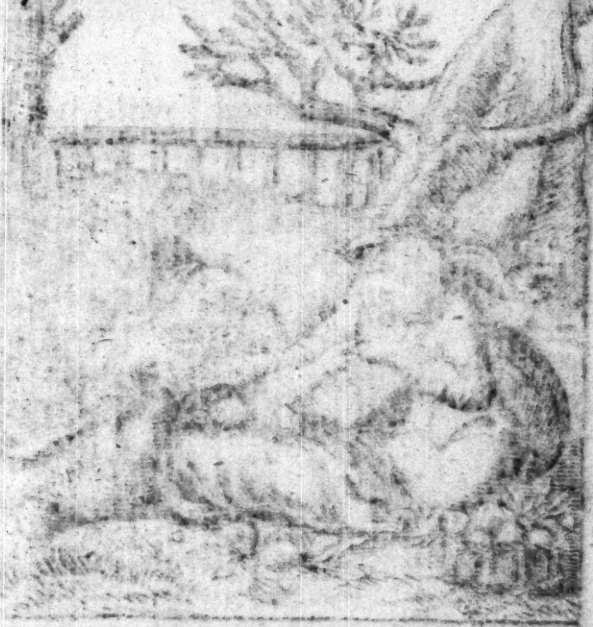
S. AUGUSTIN

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 40.

What shall I say? what shall I do? whither shall I go?
 Where shall I seek him? or when shall I find him? whom
 shall I ask? who will tell my beloved that I am sick of love?

GULIEL. in cap. 5. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I
 love my self, not with my own love, but with the love of my
 beloved that loveth me: I love not my self in my self, but my
 self in him, and him in me.



EPIG. I.

grieve not, my soul, nor let thy love wax faine:
 keep'st thou to lose the cause of thy complaint?
 He'll come; love ne'er was bound to times nor laws:
 still then thy tears complain without a cause.

II.



*Stay me with Flowers; Comfort mee with
Apples, for I am sick of lone Cant: 2. 5:*

II.

CANTICLES 2. 5.

*Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with
apples, for I am sick of love.*

O Tyrant love! how doth thy sov'reign pow'r
Subje& poor souls to thy imperious thrall!
They say, thy cup's compos'd of sweet and sour;
They say, thy diet's honey mixt with gall;
How comes it then to pass, these lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taste no sweet at all?

O tyrant love! shall our perpetual toil
Ne'er find a sabbath to refresh a while
Our drooping souls? art thou all frowns, and ne'er a smile?

On blessed maids of honour, that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs restore my spirits faint and spent;
O fetch me apples from love's fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my scent,
For I am sick, for I am sick of love:
These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,
And they will sweeten my unsav'ry hours;
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

3

O bring me apples to assuage that fire,
 Which, *Aetna*-like, inflames my flaming breast;
 Nor is it ev'ry apple I desire,
 Nor that which pleases ev'ry palate best.
 'Tis not the lasting deuzan I require,
 Nor yet the red-cheek'd queening I request:
 Nor that which first belhrew'd the name of wife;
 Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife;
 No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye
 With the fair wealth of *Flora's* magazine;
 The purple violet, and the pale-fac'd lilly,
 The pancy and the organ columbine;
 The flow'ring thyme, the gilt-bow'd daffadilly,
 The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine;
 The blushing rose, the queen of flow'rs, and best
 Of *Flora's* beauty; but above the rest,
 Let *Jesse's* sovereign flow'r perfume my quaking breast.

5

Haste, virgins, haste, for I lie weak, and faint
 Beneath the pangs of love; why stand ye mute,
 As if your silence neither ear'd so grant,
 Nor yet your language to deny my suit?
 No key can lock the doer of my complaint,
 Until I smell this flow'r, or taste that fruit.
 Go, virgins, seek this tree, and search that bow'r;
 O, how my soul shall bless that happy hour,
 That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a flow'r!

GISTEN.

GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expof. 3.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth divine nourishment!

S. BERN. Serm. 51. in Cant.

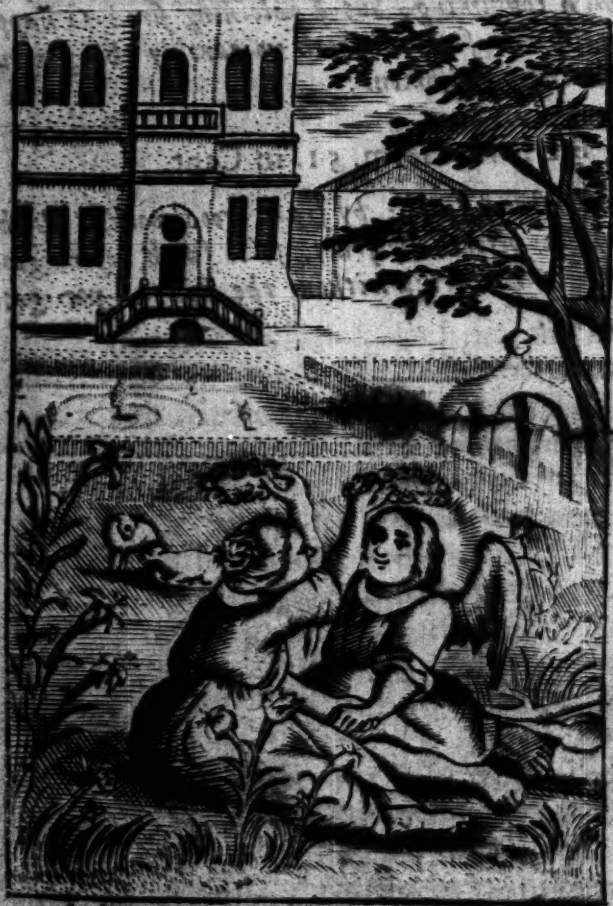
By flowers, understand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works: so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

EPIG. 2.

*Why apples, O my soul? can they remove
The pains of grief, or ease the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the first offence;
That sent him hither; that remov'd him hence*

M

III.



My beloved is mine and I am his, bee fee:
 1st among the Lillies. Cant. 2. 16.

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EPIC

Why apples, O my soul, can they remove
 The pains of grief, or ease the flames of love?
 It was that fruit which gave the first offence;
 That led him higher; that drove him down below.

M

III.

CANTICLES. 2. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted *Thames*,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my best beloved's am, so he is mine.

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we join'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than twine;
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

If all those glittering monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their thrones of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

4

Nay, more ; if the fair *Thespian* ladies all
 Should heap together their diviner treasure,
 That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
 To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure ;
 'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine
 Can buy my heart from him, or his from being mine.

5

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death can bow
 My least desires unto the least remove ;
 He's firmly mine by oath ; I his by vow ;
 He's mine by faith ; and I am his by love ;
 He's mine by water ; I am his by wine ;
 Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

6

He is mine altar ; I, his holy place ;
 I am his guest ; and he my living food ;
 I'm his by penitence ; he mine by grace ;
 I'm his by purchase ; he is mine by blood ;
 He's my supporting elm : and I his vine :
 Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

7

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows :
 I give him songs ; he gives me length of days :
 With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows :
 And I his temples with a crown of praise,
 Which he accepts ; an everlasting sign,
 That I my best beloved's am ; that he is mine.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Manu. cap. 24.

O my soul, stamp't with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art so much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee, seek him that seeketh thee: love the lover, by whose love thou art prevented, begin the cause of thy love: be careful with those that are careful, want with those that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: choose this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful to thee: in the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my soul: what, lost and found?
 Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon and crown'd!
 He did but climb the cross, and then came down
 To th' gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a crown:

M 3

IV.



I am my beloved's, & his Desire is
towards mee, Cant: 7. 10. "260

IV.

CANTICLES 7. 10.

*I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards
me.*

1.

Like to the arctick needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetick pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First franticks up and down from side to side,
And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
With vain impatience jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride,
At length he slack's his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.

2.

Ev'n so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Rain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loaths at night:
She bows to honour; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now foil'd with fear:
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God, she points alone to thee.

M. 4.

But

3

But hath the vertued steel a power to move ?
 Or can the untouch'd needle point aright ?
 Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
 Unguided by the vertue of thy sp'rit ?
 O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
 Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
 In this sad moulting time of her desire ?
 Not first belov'd have I the power to love ;
 I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me,
 Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

4

The still commandress of the silent night
 Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye ;
 His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light,
 If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die :
 Ev'n so the beams of thy enlight'ning sp'rit,
 Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
 In flame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire,
 That I am ravish'd with a new delight ;
 But if thou shroud thy face, my glory fades,
 And I remain a nothing, all compos'd of shades.

5

Eternal God ! O thou that only art
 The sacred fountain of eternal light,
 And blessed load-stone of my better part,
 O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight !
 Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
 And then my heart shall prize no good above thee ;
 And then my soul shall know thee ; knowing, love
 And then my trembling thoughts shall never start (thee ;
 From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
 Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST, Med. cap. 10.

If man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can scarce brook the other's absence; if a bride can be joined to her bride-groom with so great an ardenoy of mind, that for the extremity of love she can enjoy no rest, nor suffer his absence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the soul whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee her true God, and glorious bride-groom?

EPIG. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear: 'twas thought a good
And easie pen'worth of thy saviour's blood:
But be not proud; all matters rightly scann'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'twas sold at second hand.

M 5

V.

CANTICLES. 5. 6.

My soul melted whilst my beloved spake:

Lord, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood
 The pow'r to work thine ears into a flood
 Of melted mercy? or the strength t'unlock
 The gates of heav'n, and to dissolve a rock
 Of marble clouds into a morning show'r?
 Or hath the breath of whining dust the pow'r
 To stop or snatch a falling thunder-bolt
 From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolve
 From resolute confusion, and instead
 Of vials, pour full blessings on our head?
 Or shall the wants of famish'd ravens cry,
 And move thy mercy to a quick supply?
 Or shall the silent suits of drooping flow'rs,
 Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with show'rs?
 Alas! what marvel then, great God, what wonder,
 If thy hell-rouzing voice, that splits in sunder
 The brazen portals of eternal death;
 What wonder if that life-restoring breath
 Which dragg'd me from th' infernal shades of night,
 Should melt my ravish'd soul with o'er-delight?
 O can my frozen gutters choose but run,
 That feel the warmth of such a glorious sun?
 Methinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
 Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow,

Thy

Thy flames, O *Cupid*, (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the smart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires)
Are torments, weigh'd with these celestial fires;
Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,
That O I languish in excess of pleasure:
What ravish'd heart that feels these melting joys,
Would not despise and loath the treach'rous toys
Of dunghil earth? what soul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd scorns, the worst that flesh and blood
Had rancour to devise? who would not bear
The world's derision with a thankful ear?
What palate would refuse full bowls of spight,
To gain a minute's taste of such delight?
Great spring of light, in whom there is no shade,
But what my interposed sins have made;
Whose marrow-melting fires admit no screen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear;
Disperse this plague-distilling cloud, and clear
My mungy soul into a glorious day:
Transplant this screen, remove this bar away;
Then, then my fluent soul shall feel the fires
Of thy sweet voice, and my dissolv'd desires:
Shall turn a sov'reign balsam, to make whole
Those wounds my sins inflicted on thy soul.

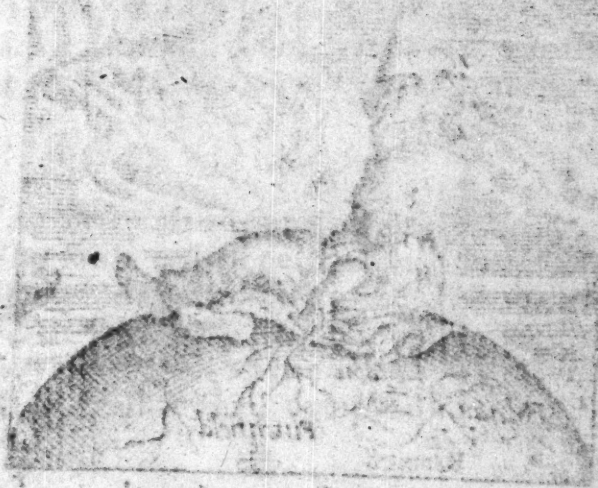
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 34.

What fire is this that so warmeth my heart? what light is this that so enlightheth my soul? O fire, that always burnest, and never goest out, kindle me: O light, which ever shinest, and art never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, most holy fire! how sweetly dost thou burn? how secretly dost thou shine? how desiredly dost thou inflame me!

S. BONAVENT. Stim. amoris cap. 8.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mortall, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a servant, a son; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.



EPIG. 5.

*My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;
Thy saviour's breath refines thee with some loss:
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou must be melted ere th'art cast a-new.*

VI.



Whom have I in heaven but thee, & in
 desire I on earth in respect of thee Ps. 73

F. H. & H. Houe Sculp. E.P.C.

My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;
 Thy favour's breath refines thee with some loss;
 His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
 Thou wilt be melted ere thou art a new.

VI.

PSALM 73. 25.

*Whom have I in heav'n but thee? and what
desire I on earth in respect of thee?*

I Love (and have some cause to love) the earth:

She is my maker's creature; therefore good:

She is my mother, for she gave me birth;

She is my tender nurse; she gives me food;

But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?

Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me?

I love the air, her dainty sweets refresh

My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;

Her shrill-mouth'd choire sustain me with their flesh,

And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:

But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she

Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,

My careful purveyor; she provides me store:

She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;

She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:

But, Lord of oceans, when compar'd with thee,

What is the ocean, or her wealth to me?

4

To heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the skie:
 But what is heav'n, great God, compar'd to thee?
 Without thy presence heav'n's no heav'n to me.

5

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
 Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;
 Without thy presence air's a rank infection;
 Without thy presence heav'n it self's no pleasure;
 If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heav'n to me?

6

The highest honours that the world can boast,
 Are subjects far too low for my desire;
 The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
 The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
 But nightly gloe-worms if compar'd to thee.

7

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares;
 Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet sadness:
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
 Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness:
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have their being, when compar'd with thee.

8

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
 Not having thee, what have my labours got?
 Let me enjoy but thee what farther crave I?
 And having thee alone, what have I not?
 I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
 Possess'd of heav'n, heav'n unpossess'd of thee.

BONAV.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. cap. 1.

Alas! my God, now I understand (but blush to confess) that the beauty of thy creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all the creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty: for who hath adorned the heavens with stars? who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? but what are all these but a small spark of divine beauty.

S. CHRY. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ. having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward; for he is the universal reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorn this dross within him; that, without him?
Cast up, my soul, thy clearer eye; behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mould.

VII.



Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with
 Melech: e- to have my habitation among the
 Tents of cedar Psal: 120. 4. F. H. Van Hove sculp:

VII.

PSALM 120. 5.

Woe is me, that I remain in Mesheck, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

Is nature's course dissolv'd? doth time's glass stand?
 Or hath some frolick heart set back the hand
 Of fates perpetual clock? will't never strike?
 Is crazy time grown lazy, faint or sick,
 With very age? or hath that great pair-royal
 Of adamantine sisters late made trial
 Of some new trade? shall mortal hearts grow old
 In sorrow? shall my weary arms infold,
 And under-prop my panting sides for ever?
 Is there no charitable hand will sever
 My well-spun thread, that my imprison'd soul
 May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
 Of dungeon flesh? O shall I, shall I never
 Be ransom'd, but remain a slave for ever?
 It is the lot of man but once to die,
 But ere that death, how many deaths have I?
 What humane madness makes the world afraid
 To entertain heav'n's joys, because convey'd
 By th' hand of death? will nakedness refuse
 Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruce,
 That brought them? or will poverty send back
 Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black?
 Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
 Fill'd with the torment of a thousand deaths;

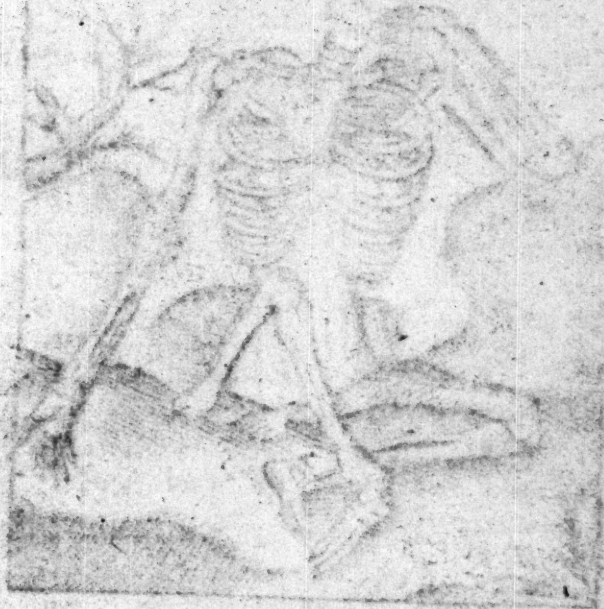
Which

Which being prick'd by death (while death deprives
One life) presents the soul a thousand lives :
O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights! delights that cease
Before enjoyment finds a time to please :
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears:
Tears coin deceitful hopes; hopes careful doubt,
And surly passion justles passion out :
To day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth, at night we weep as fast :
To night we swim in wealth, and lend; to morrow,
We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow.
In what a climate doth my soul reside ?
Where pale-fac'd murder, the first-born of pride,
Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles,
And plighted faiths of men like crocodiles :
A land, where each embroid'er'd satten word
Is lin'd with fraud; where *Mars* his lawless sword
Exiles *Africa's* balance; where that hand
Now slays his brother, that new-sow'd his land ;
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd soil! Lord, how my soul's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
Those long'd-for joys, long'd-for so oft in vain !
If, *Moses*-like, I may nor live possess
Of this fair land; Lord, let me see't at least.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 12.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which the more it increaseth, themore it decreaseth: the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow, full of the snares of death: now I rejoyce, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and streight I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh, now I weep: Thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?



EPIG. 7.

Art thou so weak? O canst thou not digest

An hour of travel for a night of rest?

Chear up, my soul, call home thy sp'rits, and bear]

One bad good-friday, full mouth'd easter's near.

VIII.



O wretched Man that I am who shall
 deliver me from the body of this death

Alas thou man that I am O how weak I am

Alas how I am weak I am O how weak I am

Alas how I am weak I am O how weak I am

Alas how I am weak I am O how weak I am

VIII.

ROM. 7. 24.

*O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver
me from the body of this death?*

BEhold thy darling, which thy lustful care
Pampers, for which thy restless thoughts prepare
Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe
Such midnight scores to nature, for whose sake
Base earth is fainted, the infernal lake
Unfear'd, the crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated;
Behold thy darling, whom thy soul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds:
Behold the darling, whom thy fondness feeds
With far-fetch'd delicacies, the dear-bought gains
Of ill-spent time, the price of half my pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedness; and when most free,
Proclaims her lover slave; and being fed
Most full, then strikes th' indulgent feeder dead.
What mean'st thou thus, my poor deluded soul,
To love so fondly? can the burning coal
Of thy affection last without the fuel
Of counter-love; is thy compeer so cruel,
And thou so kind to love, unlov'd again?
Canst thou sow favours, and thus reap disdain?

ΣΝΑΙΣΑΝ

Re.

Remember, O remember thou art born
 Of royal blood; remember thou art sworn
 A maid of honour in the court of heav'n;
 Remember what a costly price was giv'n
 To ransom thee from slav'ry thou wert in:
 And wilt thou now, my soul, turn slave again?
 The son and heir to heav'n's Pri-une **JEHOVE**
 Would fain become a suitor for thy love,
 And offers for thy dow'r his father's throne,
 To sit for seraphims to gaze upon;
 He'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth, and things
 Transcending far the majesty of Kings:
 And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms
 Of this base scullion? shall his hollow arms
 Hug thy soft sides? shall these coarse hands untie
 The sacred zone of thy virginity?
 For shame, degen'rous soul, let thy desire
 Be quickned up with more heroick fire?
 Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye
 Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts desire
 Such am'rous baseness; let thy soul disdain
 Th'ignoble proffers of so base a swain;
 Or if thy vows be past, and *Hymen's* bands
 Have ceremonied your unequal hands,
 Annul, at least ayoid, thy lawless act
 With insufficiency, or precontract:
 Or if the act be good, yet may'st thou plead
 A second freedom; or the flesh is dead.

NAZIANZ.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyn'd to this body I know not; which when it is healthful, provoketh me to war, and being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow servant, and hate as an utter enemy: It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation: what I fear I embrace, and what I love I am afraid of; before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.



EPIG. 8.

*What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood?
 Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
 Cost idly spent! that cost doth but prolong
 Thy thralldom. Fool! thou mak'st thy jail too strong.*

N

OF THE IX. AINAM.

at is reader desired ; for would I yield with or to my self I shall
 have, yet beyond good and evil, what of me is desired, I shall
 have, yet beyond good and evil, what of me is desired, I shall



I am in a streight betwixt two having a
 Desire to Depart & to be wth Christ.

Phil. 1.23.

F. H. van. Hove. sculp.

that need that house of David to be bound with the
 good and evil, what of me is desired, I shall
 have, yet beyond good and evil, what of me is desired, I shall

IX.

PHILIPPIANS. i. 23.

I am in a straight between two, having a desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.

What meant our careful parents so to wear,
And lavish out their ill-extended hours,
To purchase for us large possessions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah! what meant they to endure
Such loads of needless labour, to procure (sure?)
And make that thing our own, which was our own too

What mean these liv'ries and possessive keys?
What mean these bargains, and these needless sales?
What need these jealous, these suspicious ways
Of law-devis'd, and law-dissolv'd entails?
No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Estates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth, as I.

O were their souls but clogg'd with earth as I,
They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
They would not take of alms, what now they buy;
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich;
They would not take such pains, project and prog,
To charge their shoulders with so great a log;
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

I cannot do an act which earth disdains not;
 I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
 I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not;
 I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not:
 If I but offer up an early groan, (throne,
 Or spread my wings to heav'n's long long'd-for
 She darkens my complaints, and drags my off'ring down.

5

Ev'n like the hawk, (whose keeper's wary hands
 Have made a pris'ner to her weath'ring stock)
 Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
 Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block;
 But her too faithful leash doth soon retain
 Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
 It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

6

So, when my soul directs her better eye
 To heav'n's bright palace, where my treasure lies,
 I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly;
 Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
 When I but strive to mount the least degree,
 Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
 Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

7

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
 In vain I offer my extended hands:
 I cannot mount till thou unlink my chains:
 I cannot come till thou release my bands:
 Which if thou please to break, and then supply
 My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not flie
 A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

S. BONA.

S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Oh! sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and languish with the only desire of thee; that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with thee: let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure: let it always desire thee, seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.

EPIG 9.

What, will thy shackles neither loose nor break?
 Are they too strong, or is thine arm too weak?
 Art will prevail where knotty strength denies;
 My soul, there's *Aqua-fortis* in thine eyes.

2. BONAVENT. Sold. cap. 1.

X



Bring my soule out of Prison that I may
Praise thy Name Ps: 14. 2. 7.

F. H. Van. Hove. sculp.

What will thy shadow be to me
Are they too strong, or is this too weak?
And will prevail where knowledge faints?
My soul, there's space left in thine eyes.

X.

PSALM 142. 7.

*Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise
thy name.*

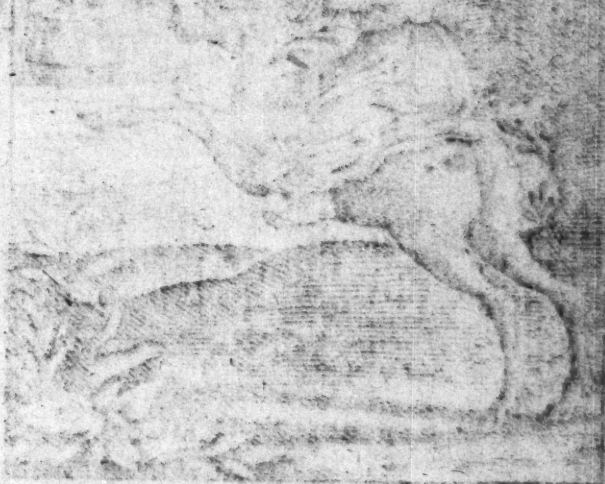
MY soul is like a bird, my flesh the cage,
Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With sacred wine, and sacramental bread;
The keys that lock her in and let her out,
Are birth and death; 'twixt both she hops about
From perch to perch, from sense to reason; then
From higher reason down to sense again:
From sense she climbs to faith; where for a season
She sits and sings; then down again to reason:
From reason back to faith, and streight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of sense:
From sense to hope; then hops from hope to doubt,
From doubt to dull despair; there seeks about
For desp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thrusts, and begs the untimely date
Of th' unexpired thralldom, to release
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd; within this fleshly cage
I wear my youth, and wait my weary age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chant
Heav'n's praises forth, in sighs, and sad complaint:
Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing
From shrubs to Cedars, and there chirp and sing,

In choice of raptures, the harmonious story
 Of man's redemption, and his Maker's glory:
 You glorious martyrs, you illustrious stoops,
 That once were cloyster'd in your fleshly coops
 As fast as I, what rhet'rick had your tongues?
 What dextrous art had your elegiac songs?
 What *Paul*-like pow'r had your admir'd devotion?
 What shackle-breaking faith infus'd such motion
 To your strong pray'r, that could obtain the boon
 To be enlarg'd; to be uncag'd so soon?
 Whilst I, poor I, can sing my daily tears,
 Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears:
 You great partakers of eternal glory,
 That with your heav'n-prevailing oratory,
 Releas'd your souls from your terrestrial cage,
 Permit the passion of my holy rage
 To recommend my sorrows, dearly known
 To you, in days of old, and once your own,
 To your best thoughts, (but oh! doth not besit ye
 To move your pray'rs; you love joy not pity:)
 Great Lord of souls, to whom should prisoners fly,
 But thee? thou hadst a cage as well as I;
 And for my sake, thy pleasure was to know
 The sorrows that it brought, and felt't them too:
 O set me free, and I will spend those days,
 Which now I waste in begging, in thy praise.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! alas! what hath he lost? and what hath he found? he hath lost happiness for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made: what is gone? and what is left? that thing is gone, without which he is unhappy; that thing is left, by which he is miserable: O wretched men! from whence are we expelled? to what are we impelled? whence are we thrown? and whither are we hurried? from our home into banishment; from the sight of God into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death: miserable change! from how great a good, to how great an evil! ah me! what have I enterprised? what have I done? whither did I go? whither am I come?



EPIG. 10.

*Paul's midnight-voice prevail'd; his musick's thunder
Unhing'd the prison-doors, split bolts in sunder:
And sitt'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing?
And whin'st to be enlarg'd? soul, learn to sing.*

N 5

XI.

PSALM 42. 1.

*As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so
panteth my soul after thee, O God.*

How shall my tongue express that hallow'd fire,
Which heav'n hath kindled in my ravish'd heart?
What muse shall I invoke, that will inspire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part!
What art shall I devise t' express desire,
Too intricate to be express'd by art!
Let all the nine be silent; I refuse
Their aid in this high task; for they abuse
The flames of love too much: assist me, *David's* muse.

Not as the thirsty soil desires soft show'rs
To quicken and refresh her embryon grain;
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flow'rs
Request the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I desire my God: These in few hours
Re-with what late their wishes did obtain;
But as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To th' much desired streams, even so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

Before

3

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee;
 O, they have singled out my panting heart,
 And wanton *Cupid*, sitting in a tree,
 Hath pierc'd my bosom with a flaming dart;
 My soul being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,
 But cannot find where thou my refuge art:
 Like as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly,
 To the desired streams, ev'n so do I
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

4

At length by flight, I over-went the pack;
 Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound;
 The blood that follow'd, left a purple track,
 Which brought a serpent, but in shape a hound;
 We strove, he bit me; but thou brak'st his back,
 I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground:
 But as the serpent-bitten hart doth fly
 To the long long'd-for streams, ev'n so do I
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

5

If lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright,
 Thou art the stream, whereto my soul is bound:
 Or if a jay'lin wound my sides in flight,
 Thou art the balsam that must cure my wound:
 If poison chance, t'infest my soul in fight,
 Thou art the treacle that must make me sound:
 Ev'n as the wounded hart, embost, doth fly
 To th' streams extreemly long'd-for, so do
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

S. CYRIL.

S. CYRIL. lib. 5. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noisom thirst of this world, scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy! Lord, I thirst, thou art the spring of life, satisfy me: I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God!



EPIG. 11.

*The arrow-smitten hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' springs, with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: if Satan's fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides: do so, my wounded heart.*

XII.



*When shall I come and appear before
the Lord. Ps. 42: 2.*

292:

XII.

PSALM 42. 1.

When shall I come and appear before God?

WHat is my soul the better to be tin'd
 With holy fire? what boots it to be coin'd
 With heav'n's own stamp? what 'vantage can there be
 To souls of heav'n-descended pedigree,
 More than to beasts that grovel? are not they
 Fed by th' Almighty's hand? and ev'ry day,
 Fill'd with his blessings too? do they not see
 God in his creatures, as direct as we?
 Do they not taste thee? hear thee? nay, what sense
 Is not partaker of thine excellence?
 What more do we? alas! what serves our reason,
 But, like dark lanterns, to accomplish treason.
 With greater closeness? it affords, no light,
 Brings thee no nearer to our purblind sight:
 No pleasure rises up the least degree,
 Great God, but in the clearer view of thee:
 What priv'lege more than sense hath reason then?
 What 'vantage is it to be born a man?
 How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
 Vain tow'r's of hope upon thy gracious word?
 How often hath thy hope-reviving grace
 Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek thy face?
 How often have I sought thee? O how long
 Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
 Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'er obtain;
 In vain I seek thee, and I beg in vain:

Fit be high presumption to behold
 Thy face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold
 To seek it? if that object be too bright
 For man's aspect, why did thy lips invite
 Mine eye t' expect it? if it might be seen,
 Why is this envious curtain drawn between
 My darken'd eye and it? O tell me, why
 Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny?
 Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,
 And then deny it my greedy soul the pleasure
 To view my gift? alas! that gift is void,
 And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
 If those resurgent beams of heav'n's great light
 Guild not the day, what is the day but night?
 The drowzy shepherd sleeps, flow'rs droop and fade;
 The birds are sullen, and the beast is sad:
 But if bright *Titan* dart his golden ray,
 And with his riches glorify the day,
 The jolly shepherd pipes; flow'rs freshly spring;
 The beasts grow game some, and the birds they sing,
 Thou art my sun; great God! O when shall I
 View the full beams of thy meridian eye?
 Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
 The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes;
 Or give me faith; and by the eye of grace,
 I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

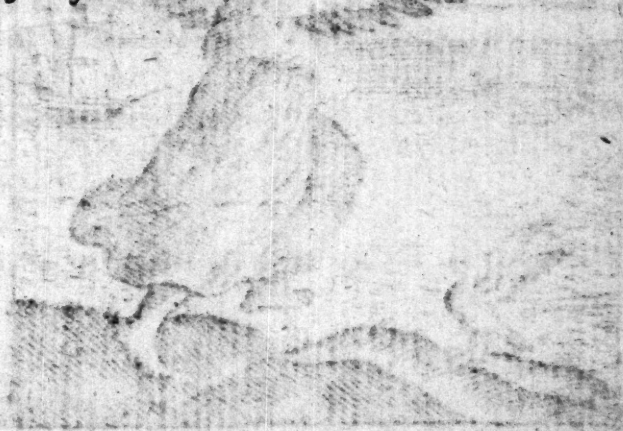
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 39.

Who created all things is better than all things: who beautified all things is more beautiful than all things: who made strength is stronger than all things: who made great things is greater than all things: whatsoever thou lovest, he is that to thee: learn to love the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature: Let not that which was made by him possess thee, lest thou lose him by whom thy self was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most fair, when shall I see thee? when shall I be satisfied with thy beauty? when wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confess thy name.



EPIG. 12.

*How art thou shaded in this veil of night,
Behind thy currain flesh? thou seest no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;
Thy flesh is high: Soul, take this curtain down.*

XIII.

2. AUGUST. in PAR.



*Oh y^e I had y^e Wings of a Dove for then I would
fly away and beat rest Ps: 55: 8.*

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XIII.

PSALM 55. 6.

*O that I had the wings of a dove, for then
I would flye away and be at rest.*

AND am I sworn a dunghil-slave for ever
To earth's base drudg'ry? shall I never find
A night of rest? shall my indentures never
Be cancel'd? did injurious nature bind
My soul earth's prentice, with no clause to leave her?
No day of freedom? must I ever grind?
*O that I had the pinions of a dove,
That I might quit my bands, and soar above,
And pour my just complaints before the great Jehovah!*

How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r
When e'er they please, to spread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing eagles that can tow'r
Above the scent of these inferiour things!
How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and sings!
Had my dull soul but wings as well as they,
How I would spring from earth, and clip away,
As wise *Isra*el did, and scorn this ball of clay!

3

O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,
 And loath the dainties of earth's painful pleasure!
 O how I'd laugh to see men night and day
 Turmoil to gain that trash, they call their treasure!
 O how I'd smile to see what plots they lay
 To catch a blast, or own a smile from *Cesar*!
 Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
 How I would soar and sing, and hate the love
 Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above!

4

There should I find that everlasting pleasure, (not;
 Which change removes not, and which chance prevents
 There should I find that everlasting treasure,
 Which force deprives not, fortune disaugments not;
 There should I find that everlasting *Cesar*,
 Whose hand recalls not, and whose heart repents not;
 Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
 How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
 Of transitory toys, and joy in things above!

5

No rank-mouth'd slander there shall give offence,
 Or blast our blooming names, as here they do;
 No hyper-sealding lust shall there incesse
 Our boiling veins, there is no *Cupid's* bow:
 Lord, give thy soul the milk-white innocence
 Of doves, and I shall have their pinions too;
 Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
 How I would quit this earth, and soar above!
 And heav'n's blest kingdom find, with heav'n's blest King
 (Jehove!

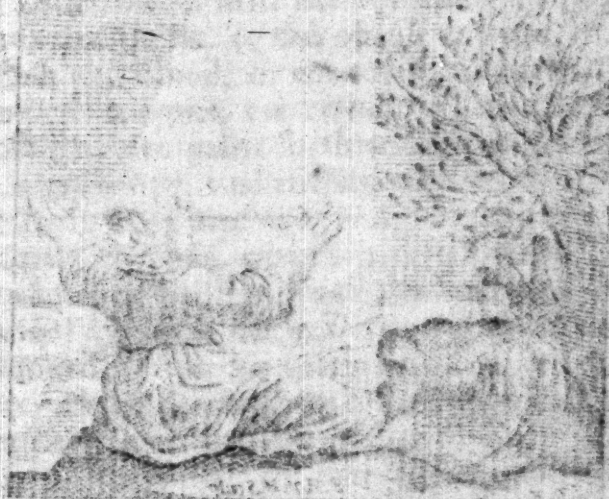
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 138.

What wings should I desire, but the two precepts of love, on which the law, and the prophets depend! O if I could obtain these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Justice, to the face of thy mercy: let us find those wings by love, which we have lost by lust.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 76.

Let us cast off whatsoever hindreth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which satisfieth; beyond which nothing is; beneath which all things are; of which all things are.



EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, did'st ever try
How fast the wings of red-croft faith can fly?
Why begg'st thou then the pinions of a dove?
Faith's wings are swifter, but the swiftest, love.

XIV.



How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord
of Hosts, my Soule longeth, yea euen
fainteth for the courts of the Lord. P. 32.

Tell me, my willing soul, didst ever try
 How tall the wings of red-cross faith can fly?
 Why begg'st thou then the pinions of a dove?
 Faith's wings are swifter, but the twirl, love.

XIV.

PSALM 84. 1.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of Hosts!

ANcient of days, to whom all times are *Now*,
 Before whose glory seraphims do bow
 Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces;
 That, uncontain'd, at once do't fill all places;
 How glorious, O how far beyond the height
 Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceits
 Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
 Of mortal tongues, are thy expresse courts?
 Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,
 Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart;
 Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
 For shewing sense, what faith alone should see.
 Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
 Of angel-measur'd leagues, from th' eastern shore
 Of dungeon-earth, his glorious palace stands,
 Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
 Of armed angels wait to entertain
 Those purged souls, for which the lamb was slain;
 Whose guiltless death and voluntary yielding
 Of whose giv'n life, gave the brave court her building;
 The lukewarm blood of this dear lamb, being spilt,
 To rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;
 And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,
 Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor:

The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
 Grew Chrysolites, whereof her walls were made:
 The milder glances sparkled on the ground,
 And groundfil'd ev'ry door with Diamond;
 But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
 A battlement of purest Sardonyx.
 Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round,
 Stars lie like pebbles scatter'd on the ground:
 Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jasper stones
 Made gravel'd caufeways to be trampled on.
 There shines no sun by day, no moon by night;
 The palace glory is, the palace light:
 There is no time to measure motion by,
 There time is swallow'd in eternitty
 Wry-mouth'd disdain, and corner-hunting lust,
 And two-faced fraud, and beetle-brow'd distrust,
 Soul-bottling rage, and trouble-state Edition,
 And giddy doubt, and dogged-eyed suspicion,
 And lumpish sorrow, and degen'rous fears
 Are banish'd thence, and death's a stranger there
 But simple love, and sempiternal joys
 Whose sweetness neither gluts, nor fulness cloyes
 Where face to face long ravish'd eyes shall see
 Great B L O H M, what glorious One in Three,
 And Three in One, and seeing him shall bless him,
 And blessing, love him, and in love possess him,
 Here stay, my soul, but wait in relation
 The words being spent, spend now in contemplation

Of armed angels wait to entertain
 Those purged souls for which the lamp was kind;
 Whole guiltless death and voluntary yielding
 Of whole give'n life, gave the brave count her building;
 The lukewarm blood of this dear lamp, being spilt
 To rudies turn'd, whereof her-poets were built;
 And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,
 Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor:

S. GREG. in Psal. 7. pœnitent.

Sweet Jesus, the word of the father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that led by thy good spirit, I may come to that blessed City, where day is eternal, where there is certain security, and secure eternity, and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness, and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the Holy spirit, livest and reignest world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light without darkness; joy without grief; desire without punishment; love without sadness; satiety without loathing; safety without fear; health without disease; and life without death.

EPIG. 14.

My soul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of Sol's bright face is seen by the reflection:
But would'st thou know what's heav'n? I'll tell thee what,
Think what thou canst not think, and heav'n is that.

XV.



*Make hast my beloved and be thou like to
a Roe, or to a young Hart upon y^e Mount-
taines of Spices. Cant: 8: 14.*

XV.

CANTICLES 8. 14.

*Make haste, my beloved, and be like the roe,
or the young hart upon the mountains of
spices.*

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce
My soul too deep; thy flames are too too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits fry
I th' torrid zone of thy meridian eye:
Away, away, thy sweets are too perfuming:
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming:
Hast hence, and let thy winged steps out-go
The frighted roe-buck, and his flying roe.
But wilt thou leave me then? O thou, that art
Life of my soul, soul of my dying heart,
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes,
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies?
Art thou so eas'ly woo'd? so apt to hear
The frantick language of my foolish fear?

Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'ercome me.
O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
How sweetly these delightful pains torment me!
How am I tortur'd in excessive measure
Of pleasing cruelties! too cruel treasure!
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams;
Languish with these bitter-sweet extreams:

Haste then, and let thy winged steps out-go
 The flying roe-buck, and his frightened roe.
 Turn back, my dear; O let my ravish'd eye
 Once more behold thy face before thou fly;
 What, shall we part without a mutual kiss?
 O who can leave so sweet a face as this?
 Look full upon me; for my soul desires
 To turn a holy martyr in those fires:

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
 Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'ercome me.
 If thou becloud the sun-shine of thine eye,
 I freeze to death; and if it shine, I fry;
 Which, like a fever, that my soul hath got,
 Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
 Alas! I cannot bear so sweet a smart,
 Nor canst thou be less glorious than thou art.

Haste then, and let thy winged steps out-go
 The frightened roe-buck, and his flying roe;
 But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
 Too large a distance makes another death:
 My youth is in her spring; autumnal vows
 Will make me riper for so sweet a spouse;
 When after-times have burnish'd my desire,
 I'll shoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
 Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'ercome me.

Autor scalæ Paradisi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

*Fear not, O bride, nor despair; think not thy self condemn-
ed if thy bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things
co-operate for the best: both from his absence, and his pre-
sence thou gaineſt light: he cometh to thee, and he goeth from
thee: he cometh, to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make
thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: he
cometh, that thy languishing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth,
leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned; and being abſent to
be more deſired; and being deſired, to be more earneſtly
ſought: and being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.*

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſin's monster, whom with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make than pleaſe,
What would'ſt thou have? nor pleas'd with ſun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.



Fidesq; Coronat ad aras 308.

The FAREWELL.

REV. 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

BE faithful, Lord, what's that?
 Believe : 'Tis easie to believe ; but what?
 That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
 And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
 Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
 For these foul deeds thy hands have done :
 Believe that he whose gentle palms
 Thy needle-pointed sins have nail'd,
 Hath born thy slavish load (of alms)
 And made supply where thou hast fail'd :
 Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?
 It is a love too strange for man's belief.

Believe that he whose side
 Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, dy'd
 To save thy guilty soul from dying
 Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
 There was no 'scape, there was no flying,
 But through his dearest blood's expence :
 Believe, his dying friend requires
 No other thanks for all his pain,
 But ev'n the truth of weak desires,
 And for his love, but love again :
 Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?
 It is a love too vast to comprehend.

With floods of tears baptize
 And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes ;

Lord, whet my dull, my blunt belief,
 And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
 That from this heart, this hell of grief,
 May spring a heav'n of love and wonder:
 O if thy mercies will remove
 And melt this lead from my belief,
 My grief will then refine my love,
 My love will then refresh my grief:
 Then weep, mine eyes, as he hath bled; vouchsafe
 To drop for ev'ry drop an epitaph.

But is the crown of glory,
 The wages of a lamentable story?

Or can so great a purchase rise
 From a salt humour? can mine eyes
 Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?
 If so, Lord, who's so mad to die?
 Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:
 Alas! I cannot then endeavour;
 I will: but will a tug or two
 Suffice the turn? thou must persevere:
 I'll strive till death; and shall my feeble strife
 Be crown'd? I'll crown it with a crown of life.

But is there such a dearth
 That thou must buy, what is thy due by birth?
 He whom thy hands did form of dust,
 And give him breath upon condition,
 To love his great creatour; must
 He now be thine by composition?
 Art thou a gracious God and mild,
 Or head-strong man rebellious rather?
 O, man's a base rebellious child,
 And thou a very gracious father:
 The gift is thine; we strive, thou crown'st our strife;
 Thou giv'st us faith: and faith a crown of life.

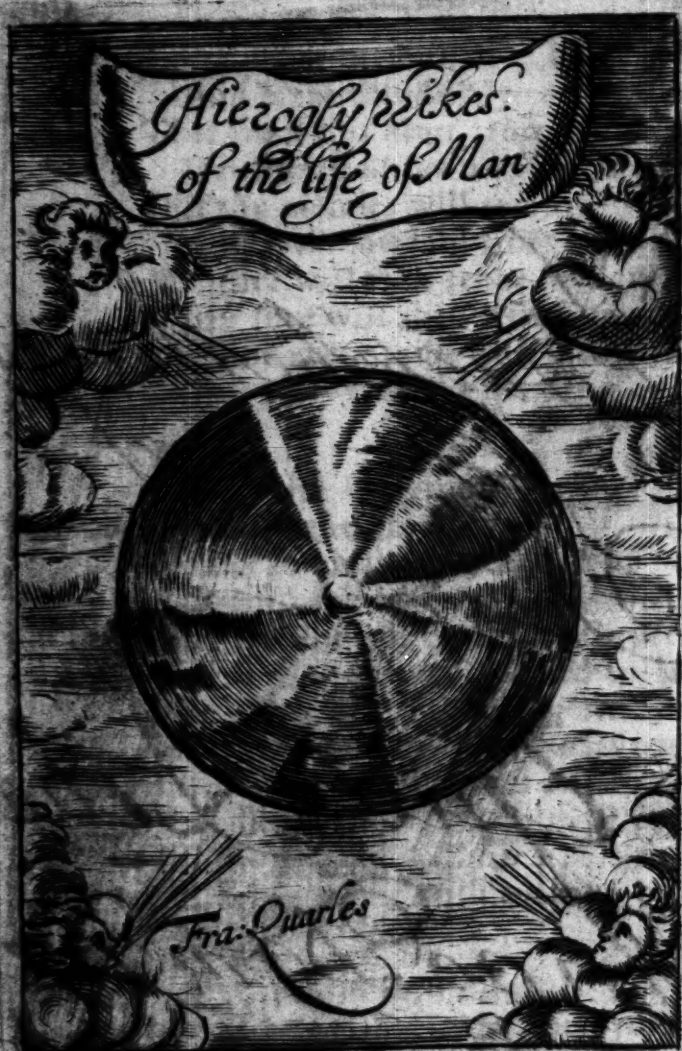
F I N I S.

Joseph Maylin
Jun^r
Ejus Liber,
Anno Domini
1777

The Mind of the Frontispiece.

This bubble's man: hope, fear, false joy and trouble,
Are those four winds which daily toss this bubble.

O S



Are those four winds which daily toss this bubble,
This bubble's man: hope, fear, false joy and merriment,
The Mind of the thoughtless.

To the Right Honourable
Both in BLOOD and VIRTUE,
And Most Accomplish'd Lady,

M A R Y,
Countess of DORSET,

Lady Governess to the Most Illustrious

C H A R L E S,
PRINCE of GREAT BRITAIN,
A N D

J A M E S,
DUKE of YORK.

Excellent Lady,

I Present these Tapers to burn under the
safe Protection of your Honourable Name;
where, I presume, they stand secure from the
Damps of Ignorance, and Blasts of Censure.

le

The Epistle Dedicatory.

It is a small part of that abundant Service which my thankful Heart oweth your incomparable Goodness. Be pleased to honour it with your noble Acceptance, which shall be nothing but what your own esteem shall make it.

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most Humble Servant,

Fra. Quarles.

To

To the READER.

IF you are satisfied with my *Emblems*, I here set before you a second Service. It is an *Ægyptian* Dish, dress'd on the *English* Fashion: They, at their Feasts, used to present a Death's-Head at their second Course: This will serve for both. You need not fear a Surfeit: Here is but little, and that light of Digestion: If it but please your Palate, I question not your Stomach: Fall to, and much good may it do you.



Convivio addit Minerval. E. B.

*Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.*

PSALM 51. 5.

*Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin
did my mother conceive me.*

MAN is man's A. B. C. There's none that can
Read God aright, unless he first spell man:
Man is the stairs, whereby his knowledge climbs
To his creatour, though it oftentimes
Stumbles for want of light, and sometimes trips
For want of careful heed; and sometimes slips
Through unadvised haste; and when at length
His weary steps have reach'd the top, his strength
Oft fails to stand; his giddy brains turn round,
And Phaeton-like, falls headlong to the ground:
These stairs are often dark, and full of danger
To him, whom want of practice makes a stranger
To this blind way, the lamp of nature lends
But a false light, and lights to her own ends.
These be the ways to heav'n, these paths require
A light that springs from that diviner fire,
Whose human-soul-enlight'ning sun-beams dart
Through the bright crannies of th' immortal part.
And here, thou great original of light,
Whose errour-chasing beams do unbenight
The very soul of darkness, and untwist
The clouds of ignorance, do thou assist
My feeble quill; reflect thy sacred rays
Upon these lines, that they may light the ways
That lead to thee; so guide my heart, my hand,
That I may do what others understand.
Let my heart practise what my hand shall write;
Till then, I am a Taper wanting light.

This

This golden precept, Know thy self, came down
 From heav'n's high court: it was an art unknown
 To flesh and blood: The men of nature took
 Great journies in it: Their dim eyes did look
 But through the mist; like pilgrims, they did spend
 Their idle steps, but knew no journies end.
 The way to know thy self, is first to cast
 Thy frail beginning, progress, and thy last:
 This is the sum of man; but now return
 And view this taper standing in this urn.
 Behold her substance fordid and impure,
 Useless and vain, and (wanting light) obscure:
 'Tis but a span at longest, nor can last
 Beyond that span; ordain'd and made to waste:
 Ev'n such was man (before his soul gave light
 To this vile substance) a meer child of night;
 Ere he had life, estated in his urn,
 And mark for death; by nature born to burn:
 Thus lifeless, lightless, worthless first began
 That glorious, that presumptuous thing, call'd man:

To him, who wade of practice makes a stranger
 To this blind way, the lamp of nature leads
 But a false light, and lights to her own ends
 These be the ways to heav'n, these paths require
 A light that comes from mind's division
 Whole human-kind enlight'ning in beams bright
 Through the bright canopies of his immortal part
 And here, then great original of light
 Whole error-claiming beams do not divide
 The very tool of darkness, and unwise
 The clouds of ignorance, do this stuff
 My feeble quill; reflect thy sacred rays
 Upon these lines, that they may light the ways
 That lead to thee; to guide my heart, my hand,
 That I may do what others understand
 Let my heart practice what my hand shall write;

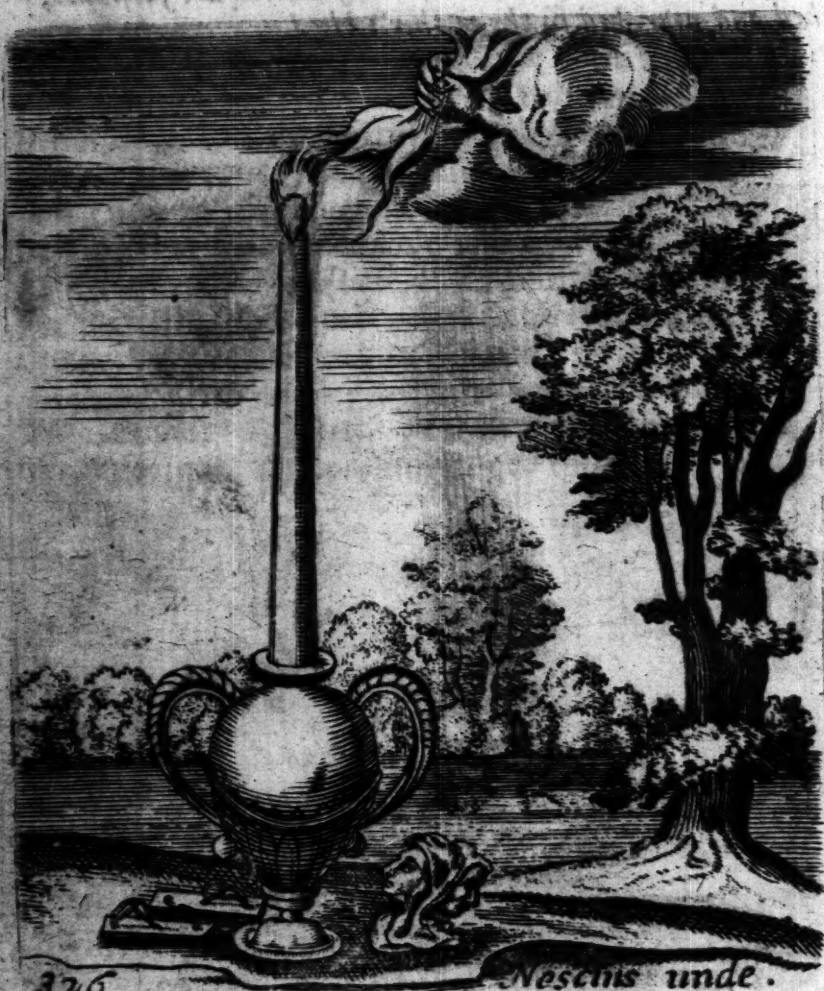
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death: thou wert made of an impure substance, cloathed and nourished in thy mother's blood.

EPIG. I.

*Forbear, fond taper: what thou seek'st, is fire :
Thy own destruction's lodg'd in thy desire.
Thy wants are far more safe than their supply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.*



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Nescis unde.

It that begins to live, begins to die.
 Thy wants are far more late than their supply:
 Thy own delusion's lodged in thy desire.
 Forbear, fond paper, what thou feel'st is fire.

GEN. I. 3.

*And God said, let there be light; and
there was light.*

1

THis flame-expecting taper hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no strength;
Apt to be puffed and quenched at ev'ry turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd (shroud
This snuff with flame: but mark, this hand doth
It self from mortal eyes, and folds it in a cloud.

2

This man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his finish'd organs, now possess
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active soul, though in a feeble breast:
But how, and when infus'd, ask not my pen;
Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canst thou tell me when.

3

Was it a parcel of celestial fire,
Infus'd by heav'n into this fleshly mould?
Or was it (think you) made a soul entire?
Then, was it new created? or of old?
Or is't a propagated spark, rak'd out
From nature's embers? while we go about
By reason to resolve, the more we raise a doubt.

4
 If it be part of that celestial flame,
 It must be ev'n as pure, as free from spot,
 As that eternal fountain whence it came:
 If pure and spotless, then whence came the blot?
 It self being pure, could not it self defile;
 Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to soil
 Her pure and active form, as jars corrupt their oil.

5
 Or if it were created, tell me when?
 If in the first six days, where kept till now?
 Or if thy soul were new-created, then
 Heav'n did not all, at first, he had to do:
 Six days expired, all creation ceas't;
 All kinds, ev'n from the greatest to the least,
 Were finish'd and compleat before the day of rest.

6
 But why should man, the Lord of creatures, want
 That privilege which plants and beasts obtain?
 Beasts bring forth beasts, the plant a perfect plant;
 And ev'ry like brings forth her like again;
 Shall fowls and fishes, beasts and plants convey
 Life to their issue, and man less than they?
 Shall these get living souls, and man dead lumps of clay?

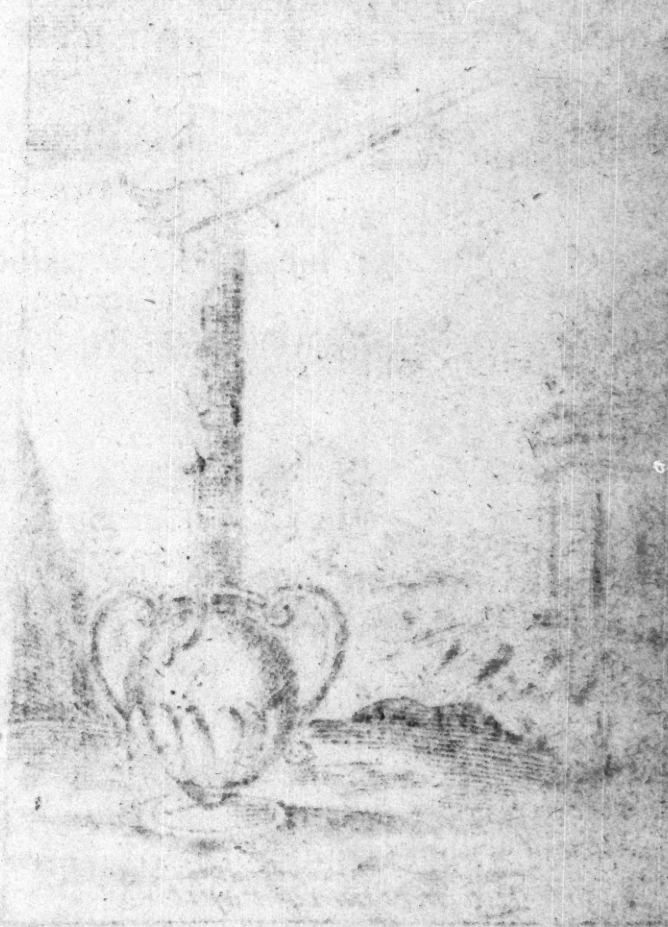
7
 Must human souls be generated then?
 My water ebbs; behold, a rock is nigh:
 If nature's work produce the souls of men,
 Man's soul is mortal: all that's born must die.
 What shall we then conclude? what sun-shine will
 Disperse this gloomy cloud? till then, be still,
 My vainly striving thoughts; lie down, my puzzled quill.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR.

*Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the stars,
or the depth of the sea; enter into thine own soul, and won-
der there.*

Thy soul by creation is infused, by infusion, created.



EPIG. 2.

*What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'st not how, nor when, nor whence it came:
Poor kind of happiness! that can return
No more account but this, to say, I burn.*

ISIDOR.



ESIDOR.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
 I then know, if not how, nor when, nor where it came:
 Poor kind of happiness! that can return
 No more account but this, to say, I burn.

PSALM 103. 16.

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.

NO sooner is this lighted taper set
Upon the transitory stage
Of eye-bedark'ning night,
But it is straight subjected to the threat
Of envious winds, whose wasteful rage
Disturbs her peaceful light, (bright.
And makes her substance waste, and makes her flames less

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
To take possession of this vast,
This foul-afflicting earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb,
And sorrow with her full-mouth'd blast
Salutes our painful birth,
To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,
Nor youthful wit, nor manly pow'r,
Nor politick old age, nor manly pow'r,
Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows pray'rs,
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tow'r,
Nor prince, nor peer, nor page,
Can 'scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

Our

4

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,
 And ev'ry blast brings forth a fear;
 And ev'ry fear, a death;
 The more it lengthens, ah! the more it wastes:
 Were, were we to continue here
 The days of long-liv'd *Seth*,
 Our sorrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

5

Tost to and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
 With ev'ry puff, with ev'ry tide
 Of life-consuming care;
 Our peaceful flame, that would point up to heav'n,
 Is still disturb'd, and turn'd aside;
 And ev'ry blast of air
 Commits such waste in man as man cannot repair.

6

W' are all born debtors, and we firmly stand
 Oblig'd for our first parents debt,
 Besides our interest;
 Alas! we have no harmless counter-bond:
 And we are ev'ry hour beset
 With threat'nings of arrest,
 And till we pay the debt, we can expect no rest.

7

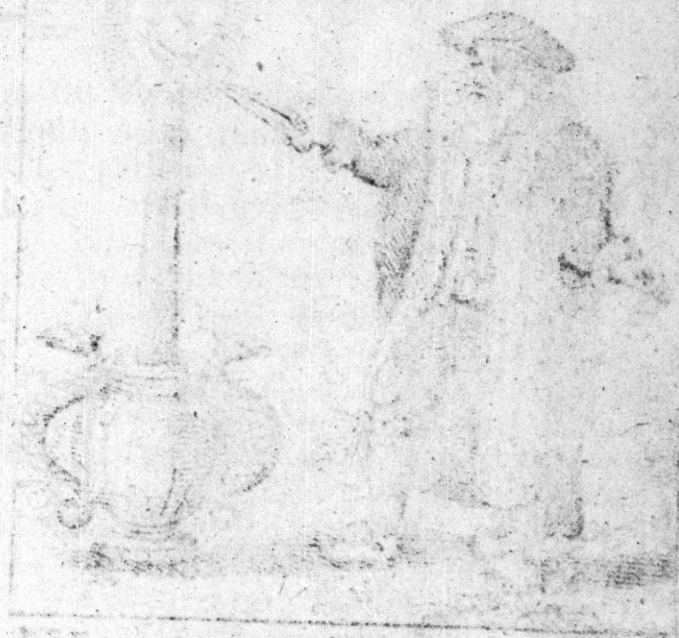
What may this sorrow-shaken life present
 To the false relish of our taste
 That's worth the name of sweet?
 Her minutes pleasure's choak'd with discontent,
 Her glory spoil'd with ev'ry blast;
 How many dangers meet
 Poor man betwixt the biggin and the winding sheet?

S. AUGUST.

In this world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem.

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved: what if it were a pleasing world? how would'st thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms?



EPIG. 3.

Art thou consum'd with soul-afflicting crosses?
Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly losses?
Hold up thy head; the taper lifted high,
Will brook the wind, when lower tapers die.



Curando Labascit . 334.

Will I look the wind; when lower papers are.
I hold up my head; the paper lifted high.
Dispers'd with grief; anxiety & with worldly joy.
Art thou content'd with low-sitting on the

Hieroglyph. IV.

MATTHEW 9. 12.

The whole need not the physician.

Always pruning, always cropping?
Is her brightness still obscur'd?
Ever dressing, ever topping?
Always curing, never cur'd?
Too much snuffing makes a waste;
When the spirits spend too fast,
They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

You that always are bestowing
Costly pains in life repairing
Are but always overthrowing
Nature's work by over-caring
Nature meeting with her foe,
In a work she hath to do,
Takes a pride to over-throw.

3

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride disdains a tutor,
Cannot stoop to art's correction,
And she scorns a co-adjutor.
Saucy art should not appear
Till she whisper in her ear
Hagar flees, if Sarah hear.

4

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hinder'd that she cannot;
Art stands by as her abetter,
Ending nothing she began not;
If distemper chance to seize
Nature foil'd with the disease,
Art may help her if she please.

P 2

Buc

MATTHEW 2. 15.

5

But to make a trade of trying
 Drugs and doses, always pruning,
 Is to die for fear of dying;
 He's untun'd, that's always tuning.
 He that often loves to lack
 Dear-bought drugs, hath found a knack
 To foil the man, and feed the quack.

6

○ the sad, the frail condition
 Of the pride of nature's glory!
 How infirm his composition,
 And at best how transitory!
 When this riot doth impair
 Nature's weakness, then his care
 Adds more ruin by repair.

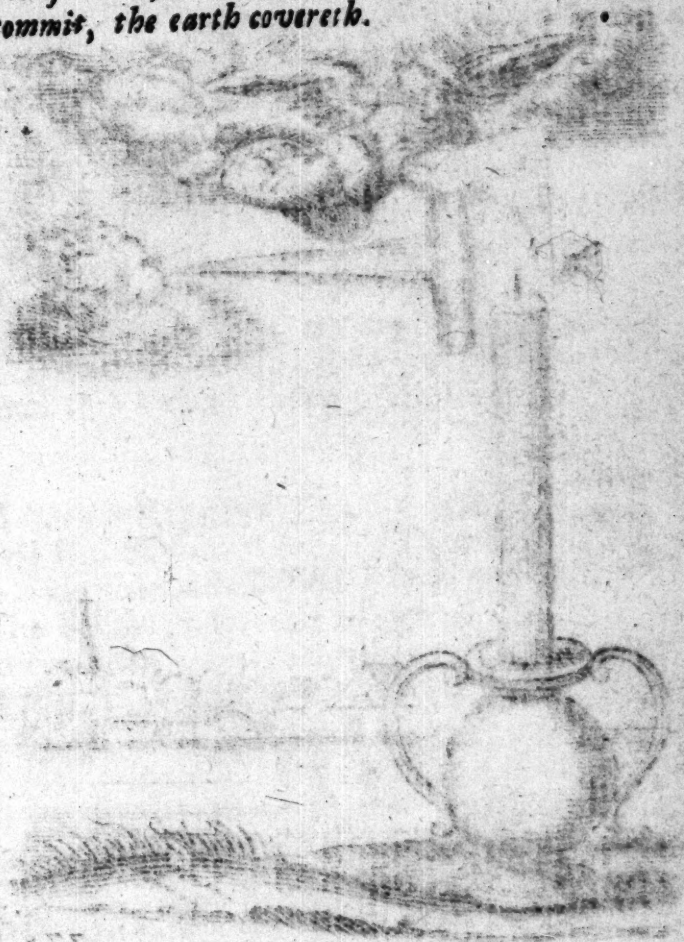
7

Hold thy hand, health's dear maintainer,
 Life perchance may burn the stronger:
 Having substance to sustain her,
 She untouch'd, may last the longer:
 When the artist goes about,
 To redress her flame, I doubt,
 Oftentimes he snuffs it out.

NICOCLES.

NICOCLES.

*Physicians of all men are most happy ; what good success
soever they have, the world proclaimeth ; and what fault
they commit, the earth covereth.*

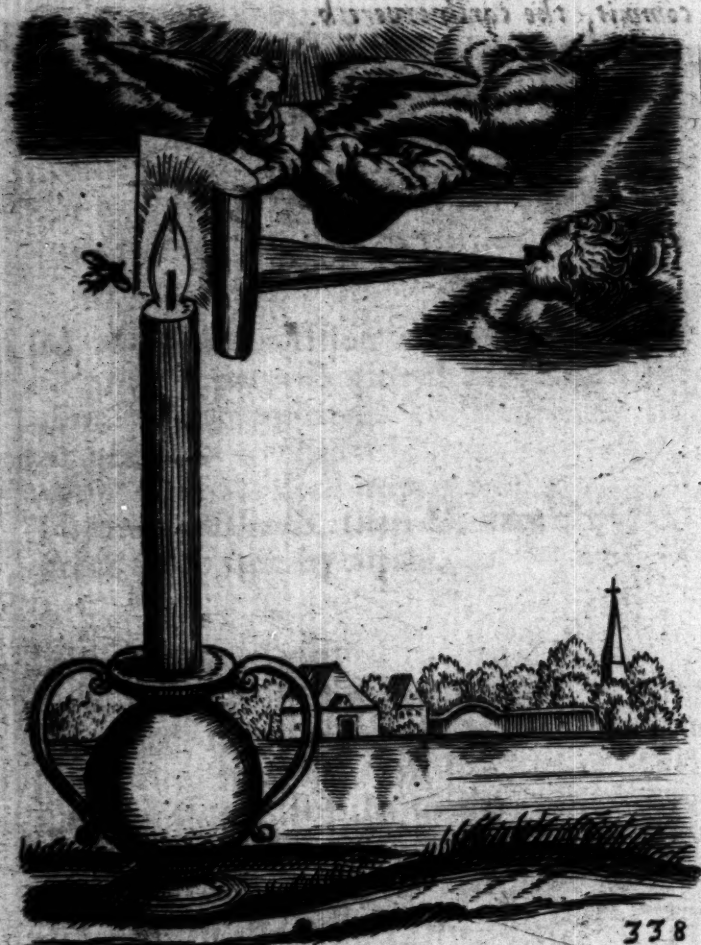


EPIG. 4.

My purse being heavy, if my light appear
But dim, quack comes to make all clear ;
Quack, leave thy trade ; thy dealings are not right,
Thou tak'st our weighty gold to give us light.

NICOLES

My guide being heavy, if my light appear
 But dim, quick comes to make all clear;
 Quick, leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right.
 Take tak, if our wealthy gold to give us light.



Te auxiliante resurgo.

ETIC.

My guide being heavy, if my light appear
 But dim, quick comes to make all clear;
 Quick, leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right.
 Take tak, if our wealthy gold to give us light.

PSALM 91. II.

And he will give his angels charge over thee.

O How mine eyes could please themselves, and spend
Perpetual ages in this precious sight!
How I could woo eternity, to lend
My wasting day, an antidote for night!
And how my flesh could with my flesh contend,
That views this object with no more delight!
My work is great, my taper spends too fast:
'Tis all I have, and soon would out or waste,
Did not this blessed screen protect it from this blast.

O, I have lost the jewel of my soul,
And I must find it out, or I must die:
Alas! my sin-made darkness doth controul
The bright endeavour of my careful eye:
I must go search and ransack ev'ry hole;
Nor have I other light to seek it by:
O if this light be spent, my work not done,
My labour's worse than lost; my jewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

3

You blessed angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of eternal glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy such a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And stoop to earth, vouchsafing to employ
Your care to guard the dust that lies before ye?
Disdain you not these lumps of dying clay,
That for your pains do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not disdain, and send you griev'd away?

P 4

This

4

This taper of our lives, that once was plac'd
 In the fair suburbs of eternity,
 Is now, alas! confin'd to ev'ry blast,
 And turn'd a may-pole for the sporting fly;
 And will you, sacred spirits, please to cast
 Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
 How had this slender inch of taper been
 Blasted and blaz'd, had not this heav'nly screen
 Curb'd the proud blast, and timely slept between!

5

O goodness, far transcending the report
 Of lavish tongues! too vast to comprehend!
 Amazed quill, how far dost thou come short
 T' express expressions that so far transcend!
 You blessed courtiers of th' eternal court,
 Whose full-mouth'd hallelujahs have no end,
 Receive that world of praises that belongs
 To your great sov'reign; fill your holy tongues
 With our hosanna's mix'd with your seraphick songs,

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of angels, fly the comforts of the world, and resist the temptations of the devil.

He will give his angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? for their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.



EPIC. 5.

*My flame, art thou disturb'd, diseas'd and driv'n
To death with storms of grief? point thou to heav'n:
One angel there shall ease thee more alone,
Than thrice as many thousands of thy own.*

P 5

S. BERN.



Tempus erit

342

EPIC 2

My flame, art thou dimm'd & duff'd and driv'n
 To death with fumes of self? point thou to heav'n:
 One angel there shall call thee more than thou.
 I have twice as many thousands of thy own.

ECCLESIASTES 3. 1.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

Time.

Death.

Time. **B**Ehold the frailty of this slender snuff;
 Alas! it hath not long to last;
 Without the help of either thief or puff,
 Her weakness knows the way to waste:
 Nature hath made her substance apt enough
 To spend it self, and spend too fast:
 It needs the help of none
 That is so prone
 To lavish out untouch'd, and languish all alone.

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow-paced
 Thine idle minutes make no way: (stand;
 Thy glass exceeds her hour, or else doth stand,
 I cannot hold, I cannot stay.
 Surcease thy pleading, and enlarge my hand,
 I forfeit with too long delay:
 This brisk, this bold-fac'd light
 Doth burn too bright;
 Darkness adorns my throne, my day is darkeſt night.

3

Time. Great prince of darkness, hold thy needles hand;
 Thy captive's fast and cannot flee:
 What arm can rescue? who can countermand?
 What pow'r can set thy pris'ner free?
 Or if they could, what cloſe, what foreign land
 Can hide that head that flees from thee?
 But if her harmless light
 Offend thy sight, (at night?
 What need'st thou snatch at noon, what will be rhine

4

Death. I have out-staid my patience; my quick trade
 Grows dull and makes too slow return:
 This long-liv'd debt is due, and should been paid
 When first her flame began to burn:
 But I have staid too long, I have delay'd
 To store my vast, my craving urn.
 My patient gives me pow'r
 Each day, each hour, (row'r.
 To strike the peasant's thatch, and shake the princely

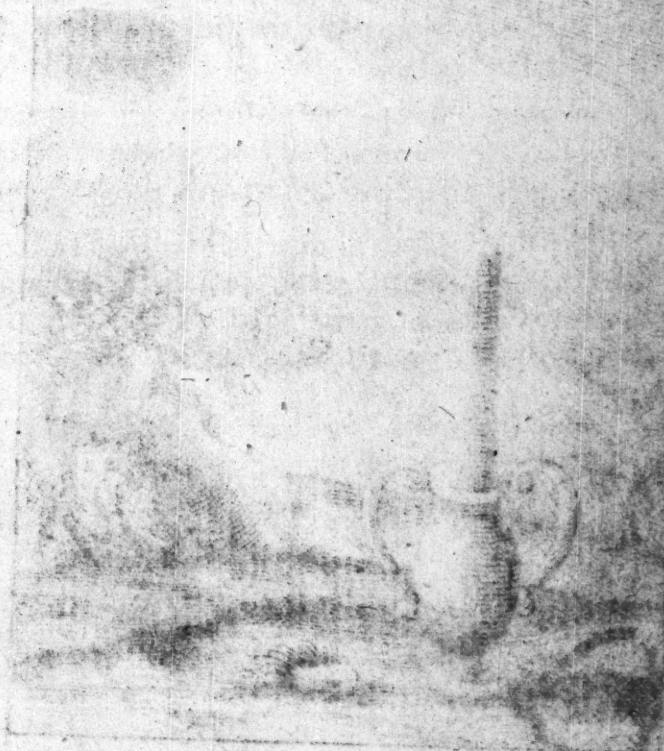
5

Time. Thou count'st too fast: thy patient gives no pow'r
 Till Time shall please to say, Amen. (hour?
Death. Canst thou appoint my shaft? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. 'Tis I bid, do. *Time.* 'Tis I bid, when;
 Alas! thou canst not make the poorest flow'r
 To hang the drooping head till then:
 Thy shafts can neither kill,
 Nor strike, until (will.
 My power gives them wings, and pleasure arms thy

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Thou knowest not what time he will come : wait always, that because thou knowest not the time of his coming, thou mayest be prepared against the time he cometh. And for this perchance, thou knowest not the time, because thou mayest be prepared against all times.



EPIG. 6.

*Expect, but fear not death : death cannot kill,
Till time, (that first must seal her parent) will :
Would'st thou live long ? keep time in high esteem ;
Whom gone, if thou canst not recall, redeem.*

2 AUGUST.



Nec sine nec tecum. . . 346

EPIG. 6

Whom gone, if thou canst not recall, redress.
Wouldst thou live long & keep mine in high esteem;
Till time, (thou shalt not feel her part) will
Expect, but fear not death: death cannot kill.

JOB 18. 6.

*His light shall be dark, and his candle shall
be put out.*

WHat ails our taper? is her lustre fled,
Or foil'd? what dire disaster bred
This change, that thus she veils her golden head?

It was but very now she shin'd as fair
As *Venus*' star; her glory might compare
With *Cynthia*, burnish'd with her brother's hair.

There was no cave-begotten damp that might
Abuse her beams; no wind that went about
To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spy
A cause will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye:
Subjects must veil, when as their sov'reign's by.

Canst thou behold bright *Phœbus*, and thy sight
No whit impair'd? the object is too bright;
The weaker yields unto the stronger light.

Great God, I am thy taper, thou my sun;
From thee, the spring of light, my light begun;
Yet if thy light but shine, my light is done.

If thou withdraw thy light, my light will shine,
If thine appear, how poor a light is mine?
My light is darkness if compar'd to thine.

Thy

8

Thy sun-beams are too strong for my weak eye;
 If thou but shine, how nothing, Lord, am I!
 Ah! who can see thy visage and not die?

9

If intervening earth should make a night,
 My wanton flame would then shine forth too bright;
 My earth would ev'n presume t' eclipse thy light.

10

And if thy light be shadow'd, and mine fade,
 If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,
 I should be cloathed with a double shade.

11

What shall I do? O what shall I desire?
 What help can my distracted thoughts require,
 That thus am wasted 'twixt a double fire?

12

In what a strait, in what a strait am I?
 'Twixt two extreems how my rackt fortunes lie?
 See I thy face, or see it not, I die.

13

O let the steams of my redeemer's blood,
 That breaths from my sick soul, be made a cloud,
 To interpose these lights, and be my shroud.

14

Lord, what am I? or what's the light I have?
 May it but light my ashes to their grave,
 And so from thence to thee; 'tis all I crave.

15

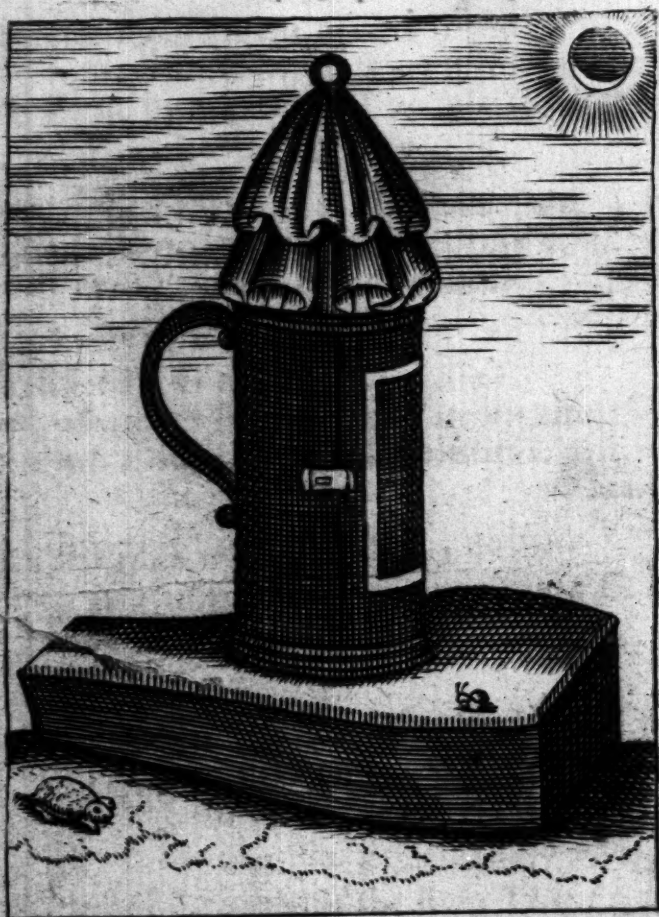
O make my light, that all the world may see
 Thy glory by 't: if not, it seems to me
 Honour enough to be put out by thee.

O light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is utter darknest ; so reflect upon my weakness, that all the world may behold thy strength : O majesty incomprehensible, in respect of which my glory is mere shame : so shine upon my misery that all the world may behold thy glory.



EPIG. 7.

**Wilt thou complain, because thou art bereav'n
Of all thy light ? wilt thou vie lights with heav'n ?
Can thy bright eye not brook the daily light ?
Take heed : I fear thou art a child of night.**



Nec virtus obscura petit. 350.

Take heed: I fear thou art a child of night.
Can thy bright eye not brook the daily light?
Of all thy light? wilt thou vie lights with heav'n?
Wilt thou compaign, because thou art better'n?

MATTHEW 5. 16.

*Let your light so shine, that men seeing your
good works may glorify your father which
is in heaven.*

WAs it for this, the breath of heav'n was blown
Into the nostrils of this heav'nly creature?

Was it for this, that sacred Three in One
Conspir'd to make this quintessence of nature?

Did heav'nly prov'dence intend
So rare a fabrick for so poor an end?

Was man, the highest master-piece of nature,

The curious abstract of the whole creation,

Whose soul was copied from his great creator,

Made to give light, and set for observation,

Ordain'd for this? to spend his light

In a dark-lantern cloister'd up in night?

Tell me, recluse monastick, can it be

A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?

A thousand tapers may gain light from thee:

Is thy light less or worse for light'ning mine?

If wanting light, I stumble, shall

Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall?

Why dost thou lurk so close? is it for fear

Some busy eye should pry into thy flame,

And spy a thief, or else some blemish there?

Or being spy'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?

Come, come, fond taper, shine but clear,

Thou need'st not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.

Remem-

Remember, O remember, thou wert set
 For men to see the great creator by ;
 Thy flame is not thine own : it is a debt
 Thou ow'st thy Master. And wilt thou deny
 To pay the int'rest of thy light ?
 And skulk in corners, and play least in sight ?

6

Art thou afraid to trust thy easy flame
 To the injurious waft of fortune's puff ?
 Ah ! coward, rouze, and quit thy self for shame :
 Who dies in service, hath liv'd long enough :
 Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,
 Usurps himself, and closely robs his maker.

7

Make not thy self a pris'ner, that art free :
 Why dost thou turn thy palace to a jail ?
 Thou art an eagle : and befits it thee
 To live immured like a cloyster'd snail ?
 Let toys seek corners ; things of cost
 Gain worth by view : hid jewels are but lost.

8

My God, my light is dark enough at lightest,
 Encrease her flame, and give her strength to shine :
 'Tis frail at best ; 'tis dim enough at brightest ;
 But 'tis his glory to be foil'd by thine :
 Let others lurk : my light shall be
 Propos'd to all men ; and by them to thee.

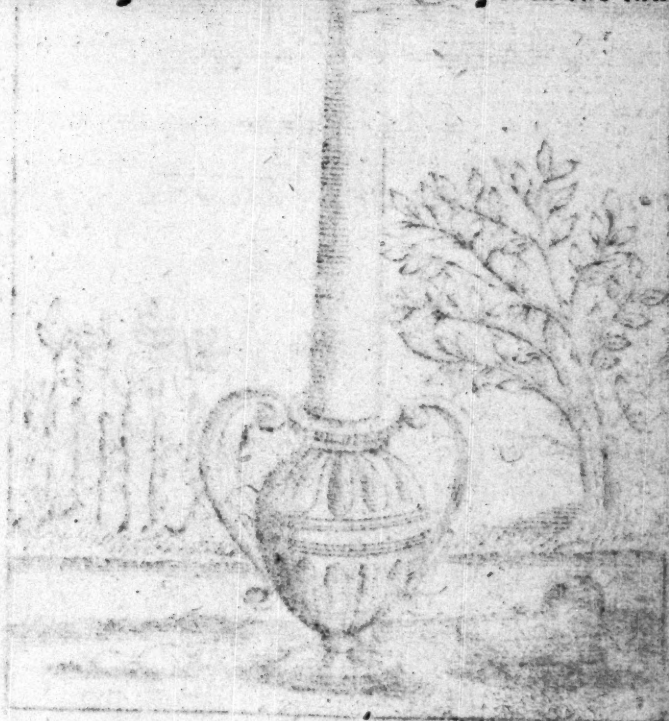
S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou be one of the foolish virgins, the congregation is necessary for thee ; if thou be one of the wise virgins, thou art necessary for the congregation.

HUGO.

Monasticks make cloysters to inclose the outward man ; O would to God they would do the like to restrain the inward man,



EPIG. 8.

*Afraid of eyes? what, still play least in sight?
'Tis much to be presum'd all is not right:
Too close endeavours bring forth dark events:
Come forth, monastick ; here's no parliaments.*

M. H. 2



Vt Luna Infantia torpet. 354.

EPIC. 8.

And of eyes; what will be left in light?
 The much to be pursued all is in sight:
 Too close engravings bring forth dark events,
 Come forth, monstrous; there's no business.

JOB 14. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.

¹
Behold

How short a span

Was long enough of old

To measure out the life of man;

In those well temper'd days ! his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

²
Alas !

And what is that ?

They come, and slide, and pass,

Before my pen can tell thee what.

The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their sev'n short stages o'er, their short-liv'd task is done.

³
Our days

Begun we lend

To sleep, to antick plays

And toys, until the first stage end :

12 waining moons, twice 7 times told, we give
To unrecover'd loss : we rather breath than live.

⁴

We spend

A ten years breath

Before we apprehend

What 'tis to live or fear a death :

Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joys,
Which please our sense a while, and waking, prove but
(toys.
How

5

How vain,

How wretched is
 Poor man, that doth remain
 A slave to such a state as this!
 His days are short, at longest; few, at most:
 They are but bad, at best; yet lavish'd out, or lost.

6

They be

The secret springs
 That make our minutes flee
 On wheels more swift than eagles wings:
 Our life's a clock, and ev'ry gasp of breath
 Breaths forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a
 (death.

7

How soon

Our new-born light
 Attains to full-ag'd noon!
 And this, how soon to grey-hair'd night!
 We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast
 Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

8

They end

When scarce begun;
 And ere we apprehend
 That we begin to live, our life is done:
 Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast
 For thy dull thoughts to count, count ev'ry day the last.

Our

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason, and a necessity of sin?

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the image of God appeareth in the act of his reason, but the devil blurs it in the corruption of his will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

*Thus was the first seventh part of thy few days
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in toyish plays:
Know'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then?
Review thy loss, and weep them o'er agen.*

Q



Thus was the first favour sent of the new day
 Common'd in sleep, is food, is revelry
 Know'st thou what ears thine eyes
 Review thyself, and weep thyself

JOB 20. 11.

His bones are full of the sins of his youth.

THe swift-foot post of time hath now begun
His second stage;

The dawning of our age
Is lost and spent without a sun:
The light of reason did not yet appear
Within th' horizon of this hemisphere.

The infant will had yet no other guide
But twilight sense;
And what is gain'd from thence,
But doubtful steps that tread aside?
Reason now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

Youth's now disclosing buds peep out, and shew
Her April head;
And, from her grass-green bed,
Her virgin primrose early blows;
Whilst waking *Philomel* prepares to sing
Her warbling sonnets to the wanton spring.

His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,
All stréw'd with flow'rs;
The days appear but hours
Being spent in time-beguiling sport.
Her griefs do neither press, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither fear to curb, nor care to vex.

His downy cheeks grow proud, and now disdains
 The tutor's hand ;
 He glories to command
 The proud-neck'd steed with prouder reins :
 The strong-breath'd horn must now salute his ear
 With the glad downfal of the falling deer.

His quick-nos'd army, with their deep-mouth'd sounds,
 Must now prepare
 To chase the tim'rous hare,
 About his yet unmortgag'd grounds ;
 The ill he hates, is counsel and delay ;
 And fears no mischief but a rainy day.

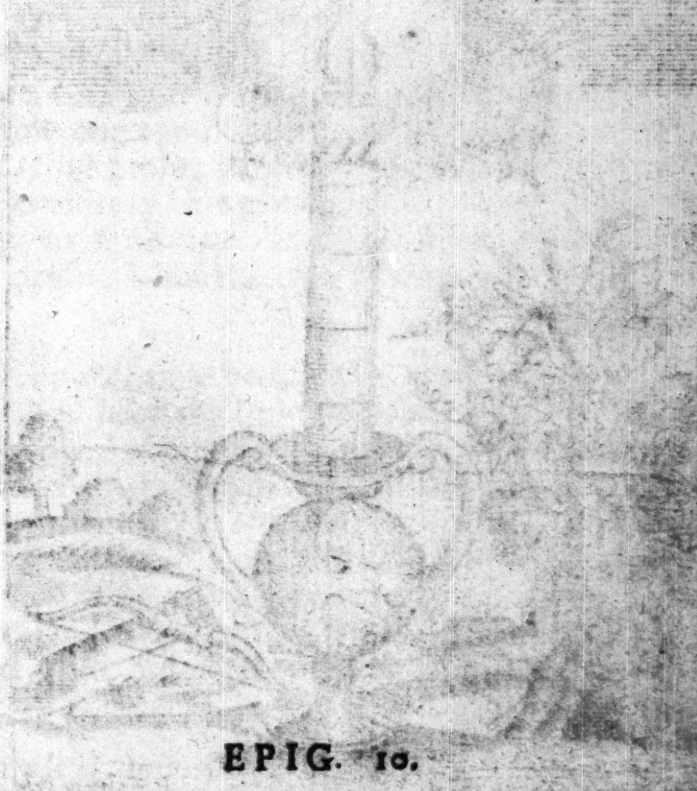
The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
 For bale nor blifs ;
 And late repentance is
 The last dear pen'worth that he bought :
 He is a dainty morning, and he may,
 If lust o'ercaft him not, be' as fair a day.

Proud blossom, use thy time : time's headstrong horse
 Will post away.
 Trust not the fall'wing day,
 For ev'ry day brings forth a worse :
 Take time at best : believe't, thy days will fall
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when strength is firm, when blood is hot, when cares are strangers, when mirth is free, then pride swelleth, and humility is despised,



EPIG. 10.

To the old man.

Thy years are newly grey, his newly green;
His youth may live to see what thine hath seen:
He is thy parallel: his present stage
And thine are the two tropicks of man's age.

Q 3.



P Hobner Selb

Jam ruit in Venerem 362

And thine are the two propitius man's age.
He is thy parallel: his ancient days
His youth may live to let what thine hath seen:
Thy years are newly given, his newly given;

ECCLESIASTES II. 9.

*Rejoice, O young man, and let thy heart cheer
thee, but know, &c.*

HOW flux, how alterable is the date
Of transitory things!

How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of time, and driv'n upon the wheels of fate!

How one condition brings
The leading prologue to another state!

No transitory things can last:
Change waits on time, and time is wing'd with haste;
Time present's but the ruin of time-past.

Behold how change hath inch'd away thy span;
And how thy light doth burn

Nearer and nearer to thine urn
For this dear waste what satisfaction can

Injurious time return
Thy shorten'd days, but this, the style of man?

And what's a man? a cask of care,
New tun'd and working: he's a middle stair
'Twixt birth and death; a blast of full-ag'd air.

3

His breast is tinder, apt to entertain
The sparks of *Cupid's* fire,

Whose new-blown flames must now enquire
A wanton julep out, which may restrain

The rage of his desire,
Whose painful pleasure is but pleasing pain:

His life's a sickness that doth rise
From a hot liver, whilst his passion lies
Expecting cordials from his mistress' eyes.

Q 4

His

ECCLESIASTES II. 9.

His stage is strow'd with thorns, and deck'd with flow'rs.

His year sometimes appears

A minute; and his minutes, years:

His doubtful weathers, sun-shine mixt with show'rs;

His traffick, hopes and fears;

His life's a medley, made of sweets and fours;

His pains reward his smiles and pouts;

His diet is fair language mixt with flouts;

He is a nothing, all compos'd with doubts.

Do, waste thine inch, proud span of living earth,

Consume thy golden days

In slavish freedom; let thy ways

Take best advantage of thy frolick mirth;

Thy stock of time decays,

And lavish plenty still fore-runs a dearth:

The bird that's flown may turn at last;

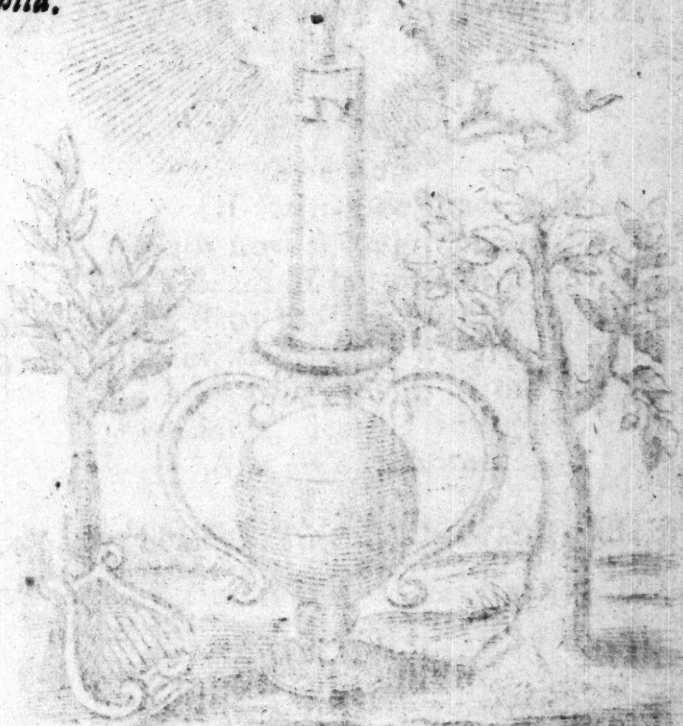
And painful labour may repair a waste,

But pains nor price can call my minutes past.

SEN.

SEN.

Expect great joy when thou shalt lay down the mind of a child, and deserve the style of a wise man; for at those years childhood is past, but oftentimes childishness remaineth, and what is worse, thou hast the authority of a man, but the voice of a child.



EPIG. II.

To the declining man.

Why stand'st thou discontented? is not he
As equal distant from the top as thee?
What then may cause thy discontented frown?
He's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.

Q 5

S. M.



Vt Sol ardore virili.

366

To the declining man.

Why stand'st thou discontented? is not he
As equal distant from the top as thou?
What then may cause thy discontented frown?
He's mounting up the hill; thou sliding down.

9

DEUTERONOMY 33. 25.

As the days, so shall thy strength be.

The post
Of swift-foot time
Hath now at length begun
The kalends of our middle stage:
The number of steps that we have gone, do show
The number of those steps we are to go:
The buds and blossoms of our age
Are blown, decay'd and gone,
And all our prime
Is lost:
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to boast.

Ah me!
There is no rest:
Our time is always fleeing.
What rein can curb our head-strong hours?
They pass away: they pass we know not how:
Our now is gone, before we can lay now:
Time past and future's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being;
And this hath ceast
To be:
What is, is only ours: how short a time have we!

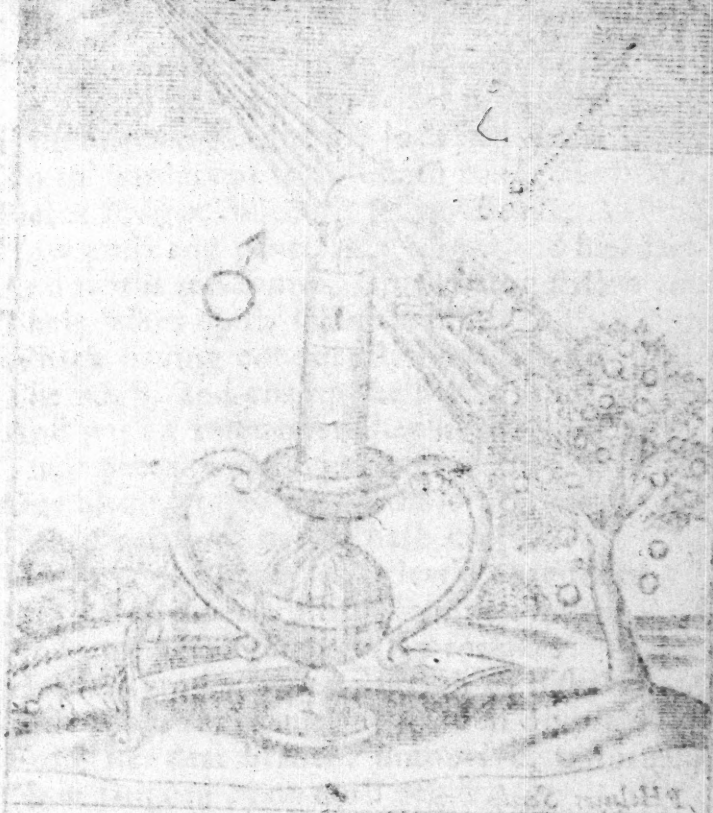
And

And now
Apollo's ear
 Expects harmonious strains,
 New minted from the *Thracian* lyre;
 For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd hill
 Inspires the ravish'd fancy, and doth fill
 The veins with *Pegasean* fire:
 And now those steril brains
 That cannot show,
 Nor bear
 Some fruits, shall never wear *Apollo's* sacred bow.

Excess
 And surfeit uses
 To wait upon these days;
 Full feed and flowing cups of wine
 Conjure the fancy, forcing up a spirit
 By th' easy magick of debauch'd delight;
 Ah! pity, twice-born *Bacchus'* vine
 Should starve *Apollo's* bays,
 And drown those muses
 That bless
 And calm the peaceful soul, when storms of care oppress.

Strong light,
 Boast not those beams
 That can but only raise
 And blaze a while, and then away;
 There is no solstice in thy day:
 The midnight glory lies
 Betwixt th' extreams
 Of night,
 A glory foil'd with shame, and fool'd with false delight.

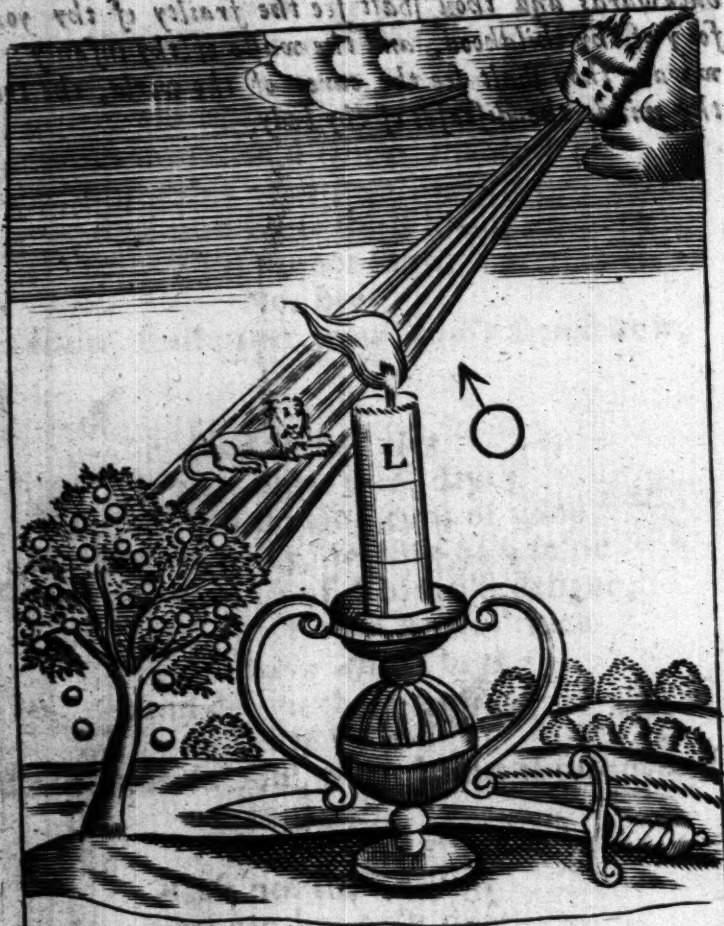
Hast thou climbed up to the full age of thy few days? look backwards and thou shalt see the frailty of thy youth, the folly of thy childhood, and the waste of thy infancy: look forwards, thou shalt see the cares of the world, the troubles of thy mind, the diseases of thy body.



EPIG. 12.

To the middle-aged.

**Thou that art prancing on the lussy noon
Of thy full age, boast not thy self too soon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle state;
Take heed, thou'lt brag too soon or boast too late.**



PHolmes Sculp

Et Martem spirat et arma 370

To the Middle-aged.

Take heed, thou'lt drag too soon or halt too late.
Convert that breath to wait thy fickle fate,
Of thy full age, dost not thy self too soon
Thou that art prancing on the jolly noon

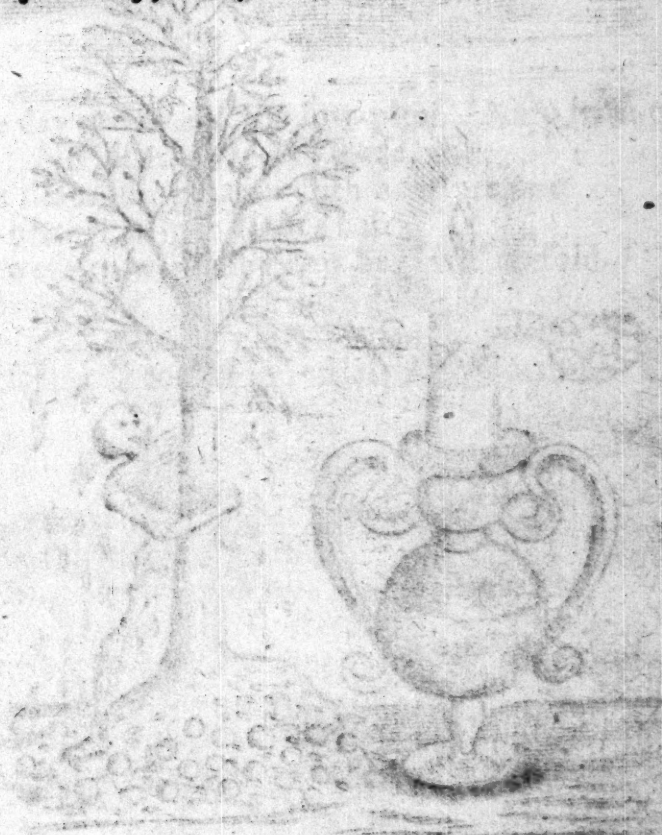
JOHN 3. 30.

He must encrease, but I must decrease.

Time voids the table, dinner's done;
 And now our day's declining son
 Hath hurried his diurnal load;
 To th' borders of the western road;
 Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow steeds,
 Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
 And froths and fumes, remembring still
 Their lashes up th' *Olympick* hill,
 Which having conquer'd, now disdain
 The whip, and champ the frothy rein,
 And with a full career they bend
 Their paces to their journies end:
 Our blazing taper now hath lost
 Her better half, nature hath crost
 Her forenoon book, and clear'd that score,
 But scarce gives trust for so much more:
 And now their gen'rous sap forsakes
 Her seir-grown twig: a breath ev'n shakes
 The down ripe fruit; fruit soon divorc'd
 From her dear branch, untouch'd, unforc'd,
 Now sanguin *Venus* doth begin
 To draw her wanton colours in,
 And flees neglected in disgrace,
 Whil' st *Mars* supplies her lukewarm place:
 Blood turns to choler: what this age
 Loses in strength it finds in rage:
 That rich enamel, which, of old,
 Damask'd the downy cheek, and told

A harmless guilt, unask'd, is now
 Worn off from the audacious brow;
 Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
 Loose riot, and those venial evils
 Which inconfid'rate youth of late
 Could plead, now want an advocate;
 And what appear'd in former times
 Whisp'ring as faults, now roar as crimes;
 And now all ye whose lips were wont
 To drench their coral in the font
 Of fork'd *Parnassus*; you that be
 The sons of *Phæbus*; and can flee
 On wings of fancy to display
 The flag of high invention, stay,
 Repose your quills; your veins grow sour,
 Tempt not your salt beyond her pow'r;
 If your pall'd fancies but decline,
 Censure will strike at ev'ry line
 And wound your names, the pop'lar ear
 Weighs what you are, not what you were:
 Thus hackney-like, we tire our age,
 Spur-gall'd with change from stage to stage.

Seest thou the daily light of the greater world? when attained to the highest pitch of meridian glory, it stayeth not, but by the same degrees, it ascended, it descendeth. And is the light of the lesser world more permanent? continuance is the child of eternity, not of time.



EPIG. 13.

To the young man.

**Young man, rejoice; and let thy rising days
Cheer thy glad heart: think'st thou these uphill ways
Lead to death's dungeon? no, but know withal,
A rising 's but a prologue to a fall.**

Self thou the daily light of the greater world? when at
 turned to the highest pitch of mortal glory, it is high
 but by the same degrees, it is lowered, it is dejected, and
 the light of the sun is the light of the sun.



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Invidiosa Senectus.

To the young man.

Young man, rejoice; and let thy rising days
 Cheer thy glad heart: think if thou these up hill ways
 Lead to death's dangerous, no, but know what,
 A rising's but a prologue to a fall.

JOHN 12. 35.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

THe day grows old, the low-pitch'd lamp hath made
No less than treble shade,
And the descending damp doth now prepare
T'uncurl bright *Titan's* hair;
Whose western wardrobe now begins t' unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold,
To cloath his ev'ning glory, when th' alarms
Of rest shall call to rest in restless *Thetis's* arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh;
The toiling plowman drives his thirsty teams,
To taste the slipp'ry streams:
The droiling swine-herd knocks away, and feasts.
His hungry whining guests:
The box-bill owzle, and the dappled thrush
Like hungry rivals, meet at their beloved bush.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
To cob-web ev'ry green;
And by the low-thorn rowens doth appear
The fast-declining year:
The sapless branches doff their summer suits
And wain their winter fruits;
And stormy blasts have forc'd the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy freeze.

Our

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
 To the next door to night;
 Her spiritless flame grown with great snuff, doth turn
 Sad as her neighb'ring urn:
 Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
 Lights but to further pains,
 And in a silent language bids her guest
 Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plough
 Upon the furrow'd brow;
 And snowy blasts of discontented care
 Have blanch'd the falling hair:
 Suspicious envy, mixt with jealous spight,
 Disturbs his weary night:
 He threatens youth with age; and now, alas!
 He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

Grey hairs, pursue thy days, and let thy past
 Read lectures to thy last:
 Those hasty wings that hurry'd them away,
 Will give these days no day:
 The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire
 Until her works expire:
 That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee: (tree.
 That hand that shook the branch, will quickly strike the

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS.

Grey hairs are honourable, when the behaviour suits with grey hairs : but when an ancient man hath childish manners, he becometh more ridiculous than a child.

SEN.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeat'st thy youthfulness.



EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

Seest thou this good old man ? he represents
Thy future, thou, his preterperfect tense :
Thou go'st to labours, he prepares to rest :
Thou break'st thy fast, he sups ; now which is best ?

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
 To the next door to night;
 Her sprightless flame grown with great snuff, doth turn
 Sad as her neighb'ring urn:
 Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
 Lights but to further pains,
 And in a silent language bids her guest
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Hieroglyph. XIV.

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Thy future, thou, his preterperfect tense :
Thou go'st to labours, he prepares to rest :
Thou break'st thy fast, he sups ; now which is best ?



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Plumbens in terram.

Thou break'st thy fall, he says; now which is best?
 Thou go'st to labour, he prepares to rest.
 Thy labour, thou, his preparation tends;
 See! then this good old man, he reposes

PSALM 90. 10.

*The days of our years are threescore years
and ten.*

So have I seen¹ th' illustrious prince of light
Rising in glory from his crocean bed,
And trampling down the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head,
Pause first, decline, at length begin to shroud
His fainting brows within a cole-black cloud.

So have I seen² a well-built castle stand
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill,
Whose active pow'r commands both sea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleag'ers will:
At length her ag'd foundation fails her trust,
And lays her tott'ring ruins in the dust.

So have I seen³ the blazing taper shoot
Her golden head into the feeble air,
Whose shadow-gilding ray, spread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkness fair;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate shades.

Ev'n so this little world of living clay,
The pride of nature, glorify'd by art,
Whom earth adores, and all her hosts obey,
Ally'd to heav'n, by his diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays,
And worn by age, death cancels all his days.

That

That glorious sun, that whilom shone so bright,
Is now ev'n ravish'd from our darken'd eyes:
That sturdy castle, mann'd with so much might,
Lies now a mon'ment of her own disguise:
That blazing taper, that disdain'd the puff
Of troubled air, scarce owns the name of snuff.

Poor bed-rid man! where is that glory now,
Thy youth so vaunted? where that majesty
Which sat enthron'd upon thy manly brow?
Where, where that braving arm? that daring eye?
Those buxom tunes? those Bacchanalian tones?
Those swelling veins? those marrow-flaming bones?

Thy drooping glory's blurr'd, and prostrate lies
Gro'ling in dust; and frightful horror, now,
Sharpens the glances of thy gaspful eyes;
Whilst fear perplexes thy distracted brow:
Thy panting breast vents all her breath by groans,
And death enerves thy marrow-wasted bones.

Thus man that's born of woman can remain
But a short time: his days are full of sorrow;
His life's a penance and his death's a pain;
Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to-morrow;
His breath's a bubble, and his day's span:
'Tis glorious misery to be both a man.

CYPR.

*When eyes are dim, ears deaf, visage pale, teeth decayed,
skin withered, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling,
hands fumbling, feet failing, the sudden downfall of thy
fleshy house is near at hand.*

S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age: covetousness alone groweth young.

*Joseph Maylin
Son Livre*

1777

EPIG. 15.

To the Infant.

*What he doth spend in groans, thou spend'st in tears:
Judgment and strength's alike in both your years;
He's helpless; so art thou; what difference then?
He's an old infant; thou, a young old man.*

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